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No. 1,015

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THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

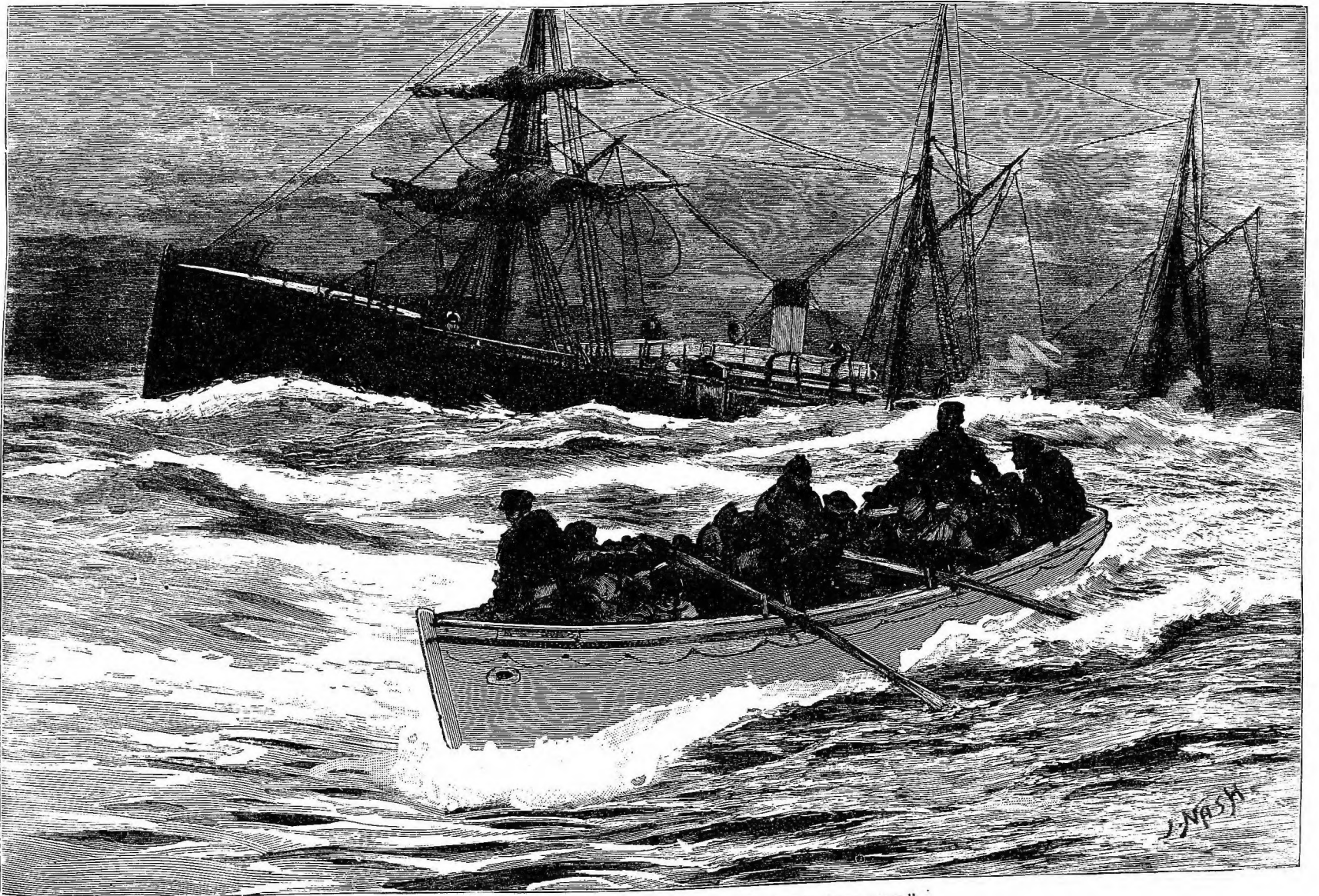
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SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889

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PASSENGERS RESCUED FROM THE "DANMARK" ON BOARD THE "MISSOURI"



THE LAST OF THE "MISSOURI'S" BOATS TO LEAVE THE "DANMARK"
THE RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE "DANMARK" BY THE "MISSOURI" IN THE ATLANTIC
FROM SKETCHES BY THE SECOND OFFICER OF THE "MISSOURI"

Topics of the Week

THE FRENCH CELEBRATIONS.—The celebration at Versailles on Sunday passed off admirably, and there can be little doubt that the proceedings corresponded in the main to the sentiments of the vast majority of the French people. Many incidents and results of the Revolution were horrible enough, but, if we judge the movement as a whole, it must be pronounced to have done far more good than evil both to France and to the world. It brought out with startling vividness the truth that a corrupt society must in the end, by the action of inevitable forces, be brought to ruin, and that the mass of mankind have moral claims which ruling classes cannot, without great peril to themselves, despise or disregard. It secured for France, too, the existence of a comparatively prosperous and contented peasantry. From time immemorial the peasantry had been settled on the land, but so many unjust burdens had been imposed upon them that as a class they derived little benefit from their incessant toil. Through the Revolution they acquired the rights of freemen, and they have since become the supreme Conservative force of the French nation. All this makes it perfectly natural that France should look back upon the Revolution with pride, and, in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the events with which it began, should have thought rather of its ultimate consequences than of the deeds of blood and terror with which it was associated. It was originally intended that the Paris Exhibition should be held in commemoration of the outbreak of the Revolution, but by a prudent instinct both the Government and the people seem to have tacitly agreed that the magnificent show on the Champ de Mars shall be regarded as neutral ground on which persons of all kinds of political opinions and sympathies may meet. The opening ceremony on Monday was in some respects less imposing than that of the previous day, but it may be taken as a good omen that the Parisians were in a thoroughly happy mood, and evidently by no means disposed to take gloomy views either of the present condition or of the future prospects of their country. France is far from having heard the last of General Boulanger, but in the meantime she has neither time nor inclination to give much heed to his pretensions.

HOME RULE AND ITS ENEMIES.—At the Liberal Union Club Dinner, on Tuesday, Lord Derby, supported by several other speakers, brought forward some powerful arguments against Home Rule. The most formidable foes of Home Rule, however, are not enrolled in the Unionist ranks. Numbers of moderate-minded persons in Great Britain are so weary of the Irish question, and of its apparently insoluble problems, that, for the sake of altogether getting rid of it (a sanguine anticipation which might possibly remain unfulfilled), they would concede Home Rule, even if it should end, as Mr. Redmond boldly avows, in making Ireland a separate and independent nation. One consideration, however, causes them to hesitate in making this immense concession. There is a large minority in Ireland who do not want Home Rule, and who are content with the present Imperial connection, objectionable as they may think it in some respects. This minority dreads Nationalist ascendancy, perceiving that it will certainly result in confiscation and oppression for themselves. The Gladstonians mock at them for their apprehensions, but are they not justified in their alarms? What has been the main characteristic of the revolutionary party in Ireland since, let us say, 1879? A determination to gain their ends by violent and truculent language, constantly resulting in violent and truculent deeds. Even now, when the law has in some measure recovered its supremacy, terrorism asserts itself wherever it can get a chance. Take the Youghal boycotting as an example. If certain sympathisers with Mr. O'Brien choose to put up their shutters once a week in token of their disapproval of the proceedings taken against that gentleman, they are quite at liberty to do so, but why should they endeavour to starve into submission persons who object to such demonstrations? It is this accursed spirit of intolerance which makes sensible men afraid to hand over the minority in Ireland to the uncontrolled will of the majority. This Youghal business is not the work of a few isolated fanatics—it is supported by the mass of Nationalist opinion. Such leaders as Archbishop Walsh, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Gladstone could, if they pleased, end it in a week. But they do not please; and therefore we maintain that the worst foes of Home Rule are the men of the Nationalist household.

NAVAL DEFENCE.—After a short period of "sitting on a rail," the responsible leaders of the Opposition appear to have discovered that it would be bad policy on their part to offer active antagonism to the augmentation of the First Line of Defence. The working classes, opposed as they generally are to warlike expeditions, believe that in this particular instance, larger outlay is called for by existing circumstances. Their political knowledge may not go very far or very deep, but it suffices to tell them that England cannot safely rest and be thankful when other nations are

increasing their naval armaments. Perhaps they might feel less certain on that point were it not that Mr. Goschen has so cleverly managed the financial side of the business as to place the whole burden on the comparatively well-to-do. That is a vicious principle, no doubt; how often has it not been enunciated from both sides of the House that the workman should always be made to pay a fair share of war expenditure, lest he should fall into the habit of regarding it without concern? Other times, other manners; the Navy must be augmented, and if the masses do not feel disposed to contribute, there is nothing for it but to make "Nunky pay for all." It is to be hoped, however, that this long postponed piece of work will not be dropped all of a sudden, as has so often happened before. There is an ominous duello going on between naval and military experts as to whether ships or forts provide the better means of defence. Perhaps it may result in demonstrating—on paper—that the twenty-one millions might be more advantageously spent on land defences and torpedo craft, or perchance some one will invent a submarine volcano capable of destroying a hostile fleet by a single eruption.

THE CZAR AS KING OF POLAND.—A good deal of interest has been excited by the statement that the Czar intends to have himself crowned King of Poland. The rumour may be untrue or premature, but it is only one of several indications that a new era in the history of the relations between Russia and Poland may be beginning. Probably, the Russian Government would never have had much difficulty in its dealings with the Polish people if it had been confronted by the peasantry alone. Its troubles have arisen mainly from the fiery spirit of the great landowners. When Poland was an independent kingdom, it was ruled by the most turbulent aristocracy in Europe, and this class, notwithstanding the evil days through which it has passed, has never lost its passionate faith in its own rights and liberties. For many years the Government felt that Russia had not even a chance of maintaining her hold over Poland if the nobility and gentry were not sternly kept in check; but lately the authorities at St. Petersburg have begun to consider whether a conciliatory policy might not be safely tried. If the Czar were to assume the Crown of Poland, the concession would be one of great importance, for it would no doubt mean that the Poles, as in former times, would be allowed in many ways to govern themselves in accordance with their own ideas. The experiment, if successful, might have some rather striking international consequences. Hitherto almost all the Poles have been disposed to regard Russia as the supreme enemy of their race. If she contrived to reconcile the Poles within her own borders, she would almost certainly change the temper of those who have been politically absorbed by Prussia and Austria. A revival of the sentiment of Polish nationality, associated with respect for Russia, would be in the highest degree inconvenient for "the powers that be" at Berlin and Vienna.

SUGAR.—"I wish the Government had left the Sugar Convention alone." This is what the cautious Lord Derby said on Tuesday; and it is quite possible, unless a stronger feeling in favour of Baron de Worms' Bill is shown out-of-doors than has been hitherto the case, that the Government may take his lordship's advice. Modern Governments are so nervously afraid of the constituencies, or rather of any comparatively small body of persons who bawl and shout, and pass themselves off as the representatives of the constituencies, that in such matters as this Sugar Bill they are wont to sacrifice principle to expediency. At the same time, it must be admitted that there are several lions in the path which may well terrify a not over-courageous Cabinet. There is the Free Trade fetish, of which many politicians, especially among the Liberal Unionists, are staunch worshippers. There are the jam-makers and the brewers, both of which classes (the latter, perhaps, not very legitimately) use quantities of sugar, and naturally fear that a rise in the price of sugar will reduce consumption. Lastly, there is the great body of the public, who have been decidedly impressed by the recent sharp advance in prices. If sugar has thus risen, say Baron de Worms' adversaries, merely because the Bill is brought in, think what a rise there will be when the Act comes into operation! Our own belief is that the late rise is really due to the fact that the bounty-giving countries have acquired a virtual monopoly of the market, and take advantage of a paucity of supplies from other parts of the world to dictate their own terms; whereas, if their exclusive privileges were withdrawn, sugar is likely to become cheaper rather than dearer, because the tropical producers will then be able to compete on equal terms with the Continental beetroot growers. Finally, if our countrymen had a spark of the patriotism which distinguishes the American, and indeed all English-speaking communities except our own, they would cheerfully vote for a Bill which prevents our own Colonial growers from being handicapped in the great sugar race.

THE CRIPPLEGATE FIRE.—The great conflagration in the City has an agreeable side, and also, unhappily, a very disagreeable one. It is pleasant to read of the lightning speed with which the alarm was given at the Fire Brigade stations, of the promptness with which a large force reached

the scene, and of the splendid exertions by which Captain Shaw and his gallant men saved surrounding property. Never did the Fire Brigade make a better show. But the flames fought fiercely, and were not finally extinguished until a large amount of property had been destroyed. The moral on the surface would seem to be, therefore, that in these cases the firemen are of comparatively little use. That is true within certain limits; give a fire a good start in a congeries of warehouses crammed with highly inflammable goods, and Captain Shaw must feel when he arrives on the scene like a sort of prospective Marius—in an hour or two he will have nothing but ruins to gaze upon. If the reports of the Cripple-gate conflagration are correct, it had an exceptionally good start. The night watchman on Messrs. Gibbs's premises left the building, it is said, on Sunday night, and it was not until twenty minutes later on the following morning that the police discovered a serious outbreak of fire in the main building. How long it had been smouldering previously there is no means of knowing. It may be taken for granted, however, that had a watchman gone round the premises every half hour throughout the night, the alarm would have been given long before. It is a serious question whether the insurance offices should not make the adoption of some such precaution as this a governing condition of policies for large warehouses stored with inflammable goods. Or, if the offices are restrained by a fear of losing business, the County Council would be justified in taking similar action on behalf of public safety.

A BUILDING PROVIDED, AND A BUILDING WANTED.—In his speech at the Royal Academy Banquet Lord Salisbury had a very pleasant announcement to make about the National Portrait Gallery. He was able to inform the assembly that, thanks to the munificence of a private benefactor, this splendid collection was at last to be properly housed. We are all—or we all ought to be—grateful to the donor of so fine a gift; but probably a good many people feel that there ought to have been no occasion for this particular display of generosity. The collection is one of the most valuable possessions of the nation, and it is discreditable that the Government did not long ago provide for it a suitable building. Lord Salisbury seemed to take a rather jaunty view of the duties of the Government with regard to Art, and he even found something funny in the fact that we hide away in a cellar the grandest collection of water-colour drawings in the world. Now that the portraits are to have a permanent home, we may hope that funds will be forthcoming for the erection of a building in which the drawings and sketches now practically concealed in the National Gallery may be effectively exhibited. It is useless to expect that either this Government or any of its successors will do anything in the matter. If some rich and enlightened person does not follow the example set by the enthusiast who has come to the rescue of the National Portrait Gallery, the public will never have an opportunity of seeing Turner's masterpieces in water-colour as they ought to be seen. No better gift could be presented to the nation than a building for our water-colour paintings. English artists have achieved higher distinction in the use of this medium than the artists of any other country, and many collectors would be only too glad to present or bequeath some of their treasures to the community if they could be sure that the pictures would be placed where they could be rightly seen and appreciated.

MR. FIRTH AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.—We do not in the least grudge Mr. Firth his 2,000*l.* a year as Deputy-Chairman of the County Council. If, as we hope, he is a competent and a conscientious man, he is cheap at the money. Whether he ought to remain in Parliament is another question. If his Scotch constituents are good-natured enough to allow him to take his Parliamentary duties easily, in consideration of his onerous labours elsewhere, it may then be a good thing for a man in his position to have a voice in the national as well as in the municipal Wittenagemote; but if he feels compelled to show equal assiduity in both positions, he will probably share the fate of the man who tried to serve two masters. On another point we venture to speak without hesitation. It would have been far better to make Mr. Firth's appointment permanent. When a man gets a berth which he knows he will hold so long as health lasts and he conducts himself properly, he is much more likely to put all his energies into his work than when his appointment is merely temporary; when he is at the mercy of a body of persons, some of whom are certain from interested motives to desire his dismissal; and when, therefore, he feels no heart in elaborating far-reaching plans of improvement, because he may not be in power when the time arrives for carrying them into execution. We have only to look at our State Government to see how badly the system of temporary appointments works for the national welfare. From the day they come into office Cabinet Ministers feel that their heads are under the axe. An adverse vote of the House can mar them in an hour. Consequently they never have any really steady and continuous policy, either foreign or domestic; and they are unable to exercise any proper control over the permanent officials, who are wont to transgress in the direction of red-tapeism and jobbery. Therefore we say

to the rate-payers, if you want the County Council work done honestly and efficiently, pay the officials liberally, and give them assured positions.

DRINK IN AFRICA.—The interesting discussion in the House of Lords on the African drink-trade had only one drawback—it led to nothing. There are as great difficulties in the way of stopping this detestable traffic as in suppressing the slave-trade. Indeed, the two forms of human greed and demoralisation often march together. Intoxicants are freely used by slave-dealers for trade purposes, being a more potent form of inducement to many chiefs than either beads, cowries, or shoddy-cloths. But the gin and rum business has more powerful supporters than that in "black ivory." For the most part, the awful liquids known under those names are imported and sold by Europeans of various nationalities. Even in our own possessions, and in spite of all manner of punitive regulations, the native races are being demoralised by drunkenness. But the evil goes to a much greater extent elsewhere, and in a short time it will no longer be true to assert that the Africans are the one savage race who can bear contact with European civilisation without dying off like flies. It is to be feared that among the white settlers in the Dark Continent not a few would consider it rather a gain than otherwise if Kaffirs, Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, and Matabeles were to follow the example of the Maoris by ceasing to cumber the earth. As the European settlements spread, and the tide of immigration advances, there is less and less room for the original proprietor of the land. Move on he must, in one way or another, and since Nature has endowed him with a craving for stimulants, there are some whites, it is to be feared, who help him off the stage by administering to his weakness. And so it will be to the bitter end, let archbishops and dukes say what they may, unless by some miraculous dispensation conscientiousness replaces avarice as the governing factor of the trading mind.

ARBITRATION IN IRELAND.—Good news so rarely comes from Ireland that many Englishmen must have been heartily pleased to hear that the points in dispute between landlord and tenants on the Vandeleur estate, in Clare, had been happily settled by means of arbitration. Sir Charles Russell was chosen as arbitrator, and a full statement of the case was laid before him. Having duly considered the matter, he gave his decision, and it was readily accepted by both parties. Archbishop Walsh, delighted with this result, urges that a like method should be adopted in the other cases in Ireland in which the relations between landlord and tenants are similarly strained. The Archbishop holds that there are not now fifty estates in all Ireland where serious trouble exists; he even thinks that twenty may be nearer the mark. However this may be, his advice seems to be good, and it is to be hoped that it will receive the attention it deserves. No doubt it is hard for landlords to waive any portion of their legal rights, but it is certain that in some instances even hard-working and thoroughly honest tenants are unable to meet their obligations. Surely, then, the wisest plan in the circumstances is, that the matter is dispute should be referred to arbitrators in whom both have confidence. According to Archbishop Walsh, tenants would throw no obstacle in the way of the selection of competent arbitrators. If that be so, landlords ought to consider whether they are ever likely to have a better chance of obtaining a tolerable settlement of their claims. When they proceed to eviction, popular sympathy in England is seldom on their side, and there is a very general feeling that they will seriously fail in their duty if they miss any opportunity of helping to bring the present troubles to an end.

A PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.—Although these lines will be in print before Sir Edmund Lechmere brings in his Bill, a few words on the subject may not be inappropriate. Although our laws still inflict capital punishment, we have always, with a curious illogical sort of British squeamishness, professed to be ashamed of the person or persons who carry the law's commands into execution. By making the local sheriff's deputy responsible for the infliction of the penalty, our fathers avoided the unpleasantness of coming into official contact with Jack Ketch himself. In former days, when executions were more frequent than they now are, and when travelling was difficult, Jack Ketch was simply a generic nickname for a number of persons who usually preferred to remain obscure, and whose real names were unknown to the general public. Gradually, however, as executions became fewer and the whole United Kingdom could be traversed in twenty-four hours, it was found that one hangman could practically do the ghastly work for the whole country. The result was that Jack Ketch became a personage. If not celebrated, he was at least notorious. Calcraft belonged rather to the transition period when the locomotive was superseding the mail coach, and was not much publicly known until his later years. But Marwood was distinctly a person of importance, whose movements were regarded with interest, and who was the subject of numerous newspaper paragraphs. His successor, too, has evidently an eye to the dignity of his position, and, though occasionally snubbed by officialdom, is well aware that it is not an easy matter to find a steady and trustworthy substitute for such duties as his. It is just because one executioner is now sufficient for the

whole kingdom that he ought to occupy a recognised status. The duty is not a pleasant one, but it should convey no stigma on the man who performs it. We pay honours to the man in a red coat who goes and shoots any one whom the Queen says he ought to shoot; why then should we flout the man in a black coat who by strangulation rids society of a bloody-minded villain?

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FAMILIES.—There are few more praiseworthy fields of philanthropic exertion for English folks than the kindly tending of our fighters' wives and families when their bread-winners are away on duty. It is this good work which forms the domain of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, an organisation which, we are glad to see, is rapidly spreading over the whole kingdom. With the Queen for Patron, the Prince of Wales as President, and a list of Vice-Presidents including an Empress and a whole bevy of Royal Princesses, the Society does not lack social prestige. Nor does it appear—oh wonder!—to be in want of funds. This agreeable solvency is mainly due to the wise principles on which it works. Except in special cases, it does not give monetary grants; the ladies who form nearly the whole of the executive act as ministering angels by giving advice, by sympathetic talk, and by placing their forlorn *protégées* in a position to earn their own living. In a sense, the members may be said to render "first aid to the wounded;" that is, they stretch out friendly hands to "the girl he left behind him," just at the moment when her sore heart is most in need of human sympathy. It is this personal influence, brought to bear exactly at the right time, which forms the very essence of the scheme of relief. Just because such help was not formerly forthcoming, many and many a poor woman has fallen into evil courses before now. What between the pressure of grief, the sense of being deserted, and the blackness of to-morrow with its monetary cares, it would be little wonder if the soldier's or sailor's wife felt drawn towards suicide. But a breath of true sisterly kindness, just at the right moment, and a feeling that there is some one in the world who cares for them, will greatly help the poor forlorn creatures to bear their trials until Jack or Tom comes home.

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LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—Every Evening (except SATURDAY), at Eight, MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. **MAXINE.**—MACBETH. SATURDAY, May 11, at Two, and every Saturday in May and June excepting June 29. On these Saturdays the Theatre will be closed at night. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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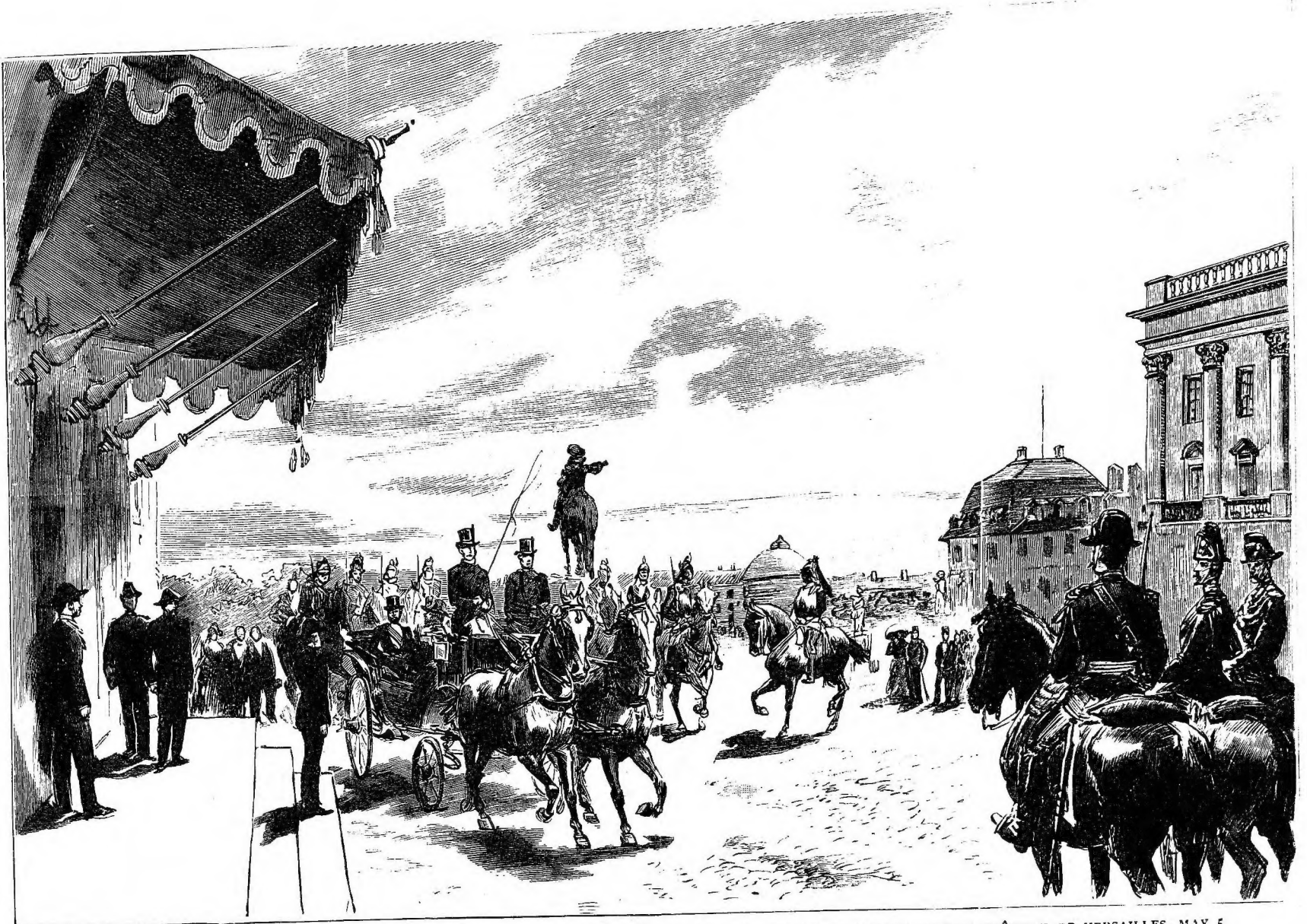
FOR full particulars, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained—West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 2, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Days Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 112, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued AN EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, I."

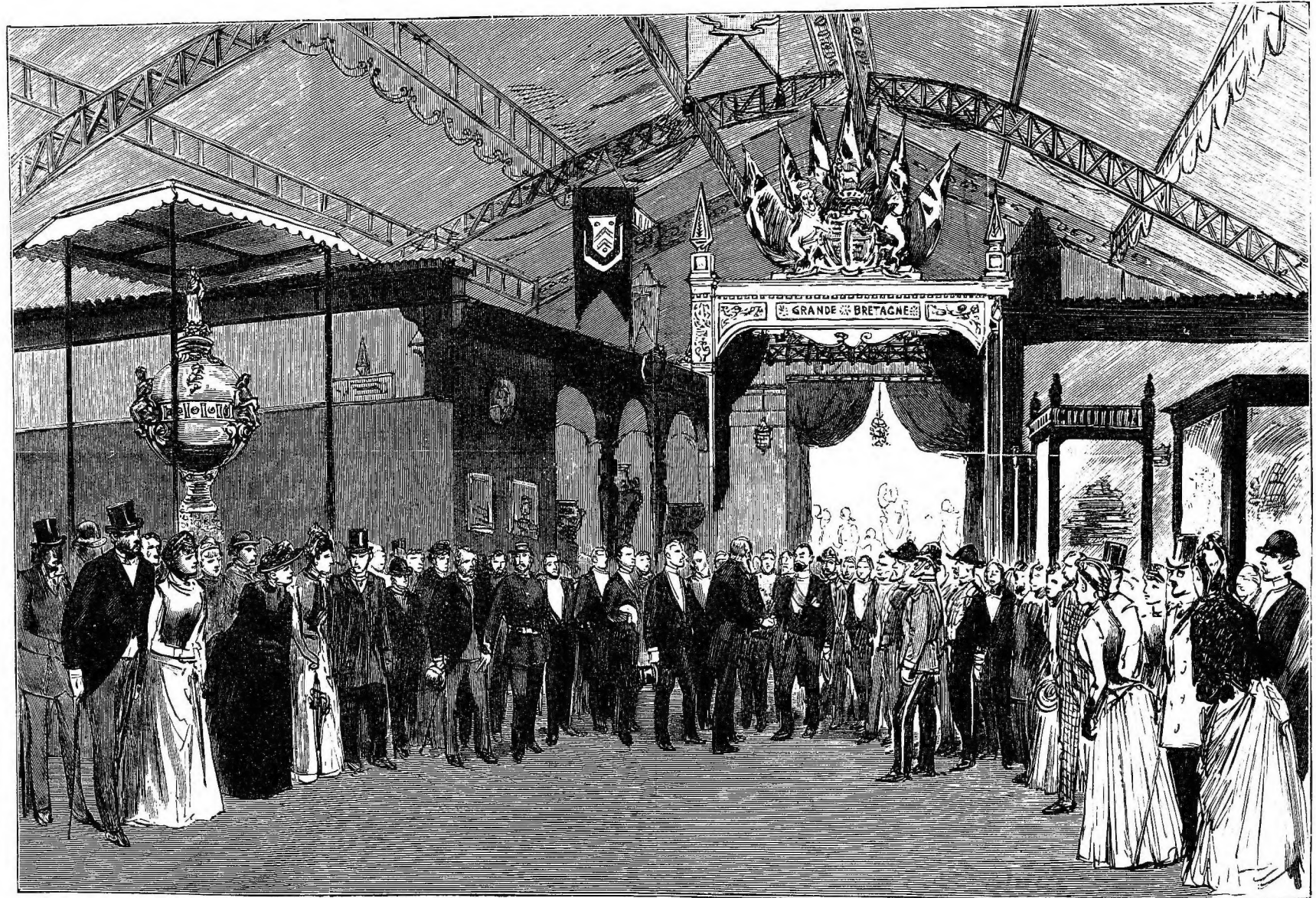


THE WRECK OF THE "DANMARK"

In all the annals of shipwreck the story of the *Danmark* affords a most remarkable example of the rescue of a large number of human beings who seemed almost inevitably doomed to death. The *Danmark*, a Danish vessel belonging to the Thingvall Line, left Copenhagen for New York with 665 passengers and a crew of 60 on board. On April 4th, when about 800 miles from Newfoundland, she broke her shaft, which thereupon whirled aimlessly round and round, and tore a terrible hole in the ship's bottom, causing such serious leakage that the captain perceived there was no chance of keeping her afloat. It was blowing hard, and a heavy sea running at the time, so that it was extremely doubtful, even if the boats had been lowered, whether they could live in such a sea, and in any case they could not have carried all the persons on board. It was decided, therefore, to wait for the chance of succour, though the vessel was evidently settling down. The poor creatures on board spent four-and-twenty hours of agonising suspense. They prayed, they sang hymns, they whispered together in groups, they scanned the horizon for the sight of a sail which might rescue them from the death which seemed almost inevitable. Their prayers were answered; on the afternoon of April 5th the British steamer *Missouri*, Captain Hamilton Murrell, bound from London to Philadelphia, seeing a vessel flying distress signals, bore



THE CENTENARY OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE STATES-GENERAL AT VERSAILLES—ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT CARNOT AT THE CHÂTEAU OF VERSAILLES, MAY 5



PRESIDENT CARNOT PASSING THROUGH THE BRITISH SECTION, MAY 6

THE PARIS EXHIBITION



THE RUSH FOR THE PROMISED LAND
OVER THE BORDER TO OKLAHOMA, U.S.A.

down upon her. Captain Murrell agreed to tow the *Danmark*, but said he could take no passengers. A tow-rope was attached, but for some hours they made very slow progress against head-wind and sea. Captain Murrell then determined to give up the hope of reaching the American coast, and (the captain of the *Danmark* con- senting) squared away for the Azores. Before long, however, it was found that the *Danmark* was rapidly sinking, and accordingly it was resolved to abandon her. Captain Murrell lowered his own boats, and, with the seven boats of the *Danmark*, brought the whole of the 735 persons from the disabled vessel on board of his own ship, with- out a single accident, although there was a heavy swell at the time. He threw overboard some bundles of rags and bales of wool, in order to afford accommodation for the multitude who had unex- pectedly boarded his vessel, and brought them all safely to the Azores. Thence the *Missouri* started back on her interrupted voyage to Philadelphia, taking about half the *Danmark's* passengers with her. Captain Murrell has been most warmly received both in America and England on account of his gallant and sailor-like exploit. It is characteristic of the man that in his letter to his owners he does not seem to perceive that he had done anything particularly deserving notice, tells the story of the rescue in a bluff, straightforward manner, and only waxes enthusiastic when praising "the capital manner in which all my officers and crew worked. I really never saw a more willing and hard-working lot in my life."

As we publish a portrait of Captain Murrell (from a photograph by J. Long, 62, Queen Street, Cardiff), we add the following account of him:—Captain Frederick William Hamilton Murrell is the son of Captain Frederick Murrell, who



commanded the telegraph steamers *Great Northern* and *Hooper*, and received public recognition from the Great Northern Telegraph Company for his services in laying their cable in China eighteen years ago. The subject of this notice was born in Colchester, June 15th, 1862, was educated there, and was afterwards apprenticed to Messrs. W. Gray and Co., West Hartlepool. He served part of his time in steamers belonging to that firm, under his uncle, Captain J. E. Murrell. He passed all his examinations in London, and obtained his Master's Certificate before he was twenty-two. He commanded the steamers *Surrey* and *Swansea*, both of which were owned by Messrs. Hooper, Mur- rell, and Williams, and traded between London, Swansea, Phila- delphia, and Baltimore. In January this year he took command of the s.s. *Missouri*, built by Messrs. W. Gray and Co., West Hartle- pool, and owned by the Baltimore Storage Company of Baltimore. The vessel was on her second voyage when the crew and passengers of the *Danmark* were rescued.

CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF THE MEETING OF THE STATES-GENERAL AT VERSAILLES

ON Sunday President Carnot inaugurated the Cen-ennial Celebration of the Great Revolution by a State visit to Versailles to com- memorate the meeting there of the States-General on May 5th, 1789, which resulted so disastrously for Louis XVI. and French Monarchy. The President drove from the Elysée, through Sèvres and Chaville, to Versailles, and large crowds of spectators had assembled to watch his departure from the Elysée and thronged the streets through which the procession was to pass. Just after M. Carnot had started, a man standing at the corner of the Place Beauveau fired a pistol at him, fortunately, however, without effect, and the President at once bowed to the crowd to show he was un- injured. The would-be assassin was an ex-naval storekeeper, named Perrin, who appears to have been harshly treated by the naval authorities, even to the extent of illegal imprisonment, and who accordingly fired the shot to draw public attention to his wrongs. The man was immediately arrested, and the police had some difficulty in preventing the mob from lynching him. Meanwhile, President Carnot and his cortege drove on to Versailles, being heartily acclaimed as he passed through the various towns, and receiving an address at Sèvres from the mayor. At Versailles the old Royal Residence had been gaily bedecked, and there were arches and trophies in the Avenue de Paris, which was lined with troops. The President was received by the general commanding the garrison, and then drove in an open carriage to the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs (now used as a barrack), where the first meeting of the States-General took place. There the President alighted and unveiled a bronze tablet over the entrance, on which was inscribed "Here, in 1789, the National Constituent Assembly held its sitting from May 5 to October 15." After a speech, from M. Tirard, eulogising the Revolution, there was a march past of the troops, and then the President and his Ministers proceeded to the Palace and took their places in the historic Salle des Glaces, where President Carnot read to the assemblage an address recal- ling the events which took place there a hundred years since, when "that immortal generation of 1789, the offspring of the eighteenth century, by dint of courage and perseverance, and at the price of so many efforts and sacrifices, conquered for us the blessings we enjoy, and which we shall transmit to our sons as a precious heritage. . . . The hour of revolution had struck. That was clear at the first meeting of the Elect of the nation, who, setting aside ancient appellations, declared them- selves members of the National Assembly, and swore not to separate until they had endowed France with a Constitution consecrating the rights and liberties of citizens." After dwelling upon the work of the Revolution during the past century, and the present result "achieved by a hundred years of political labour,

reflection, and experience," M. Carnot appealed to his country- men to rise above "petty passions, party strife, and divisions of schools," and to crown the work of the past century by the "recon- ciliation of all Frenchmen in one common devotion for the public weal, in the name of Liberty and the Fatherland." M. Carnot was well cheered during his speech, at the conclusion of which there was a lunch and a display of the Great Fountains. In the evening the President drove back to Paris, escorted, as before, by a squadron of cuirassiers.

OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION

THE great World's Show of 1889 was opened on Monday by President Carnot with all due ceremony. From an early hour throngs of people flocked towards the Champ de Mars, and throughout the morning long files of carriages, filled with official and municipal dignitaries, wended their way to the Exhibition Build- ings. At two o'clock the President arrived, and, together with his Ministers, took their places on a platform under the great central dome over the Diverse Industries' Galleries. Here M. Tirard began the proceedings by reading a speech, giving a sketch of the hesitancy with which the idea of another Exhibition was at first entertained, and the hearty manner in which it had since been carried out. He dealt out compliments all round, to the foreign exhibitors for their collaboration, to M. Eiffel for his tower, and to M. Alphand, to whose tact and skill the successful arrangement of the buildings and grounds is chiefly due. M. Carnot then made the speech of the day, and, alluding to Sunday's centennial celebration at Versailles of the "dawn of a grand period which opened a new era in the history of mankind," he continued: "To-day we come to contemplate, in its lustre and splendour, the work produced by this cen- tury of labour and progress." He next welcomed the visitors, "who already, from every point of the horizon, within or beyond our frontiers, are among us, heedless of distance, to take part in our festivals." He then reviewed the progress France has made since François de Neufchâteau installed, in 1798, 110 exhibitors in the Temple of Industry, and then formally declared the Exhibition open. He then made a tour of the Exhibition, being received in the British Section with three cheers, and, in return, address- ing a polite little speech to the Commissioners. Though much had been done during the few previous days the Exhibition was in even a greater state of unreadiness than is usual in such cases, but, from a patriotic point of view, it is satisfactory to learn that the British section certainly outstripped most of the others. A full half of the Exhibition is still unfinished, and the cases exhibit nothing but a depressing empti- ness. The account of the evening illuminations and Venetian fête will be found in our Foreign article.

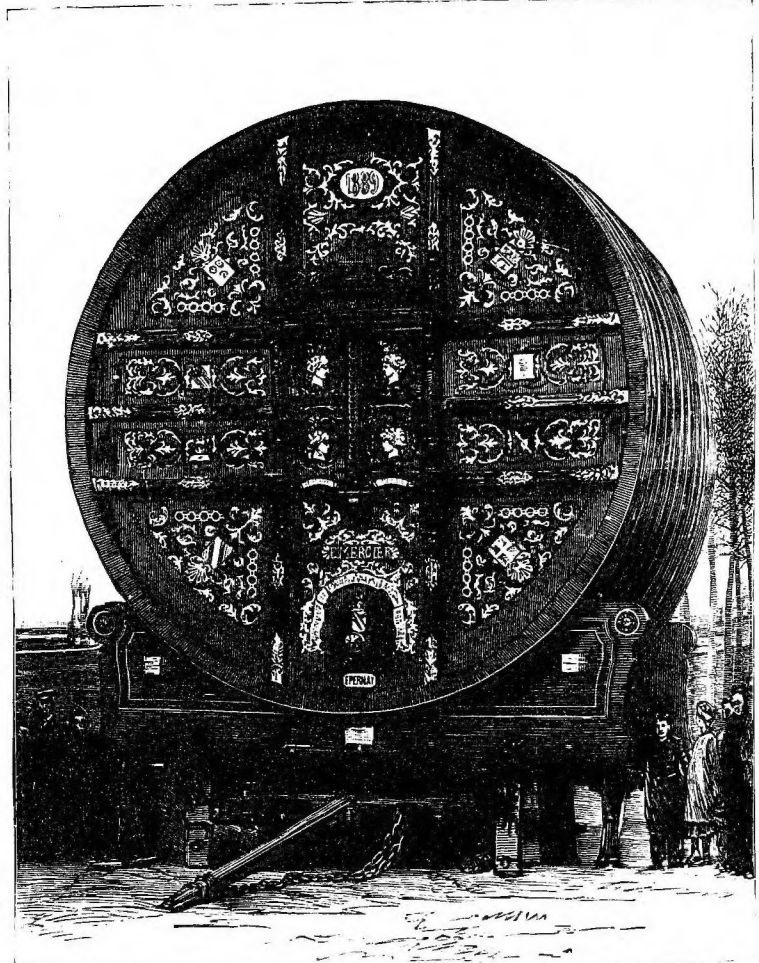
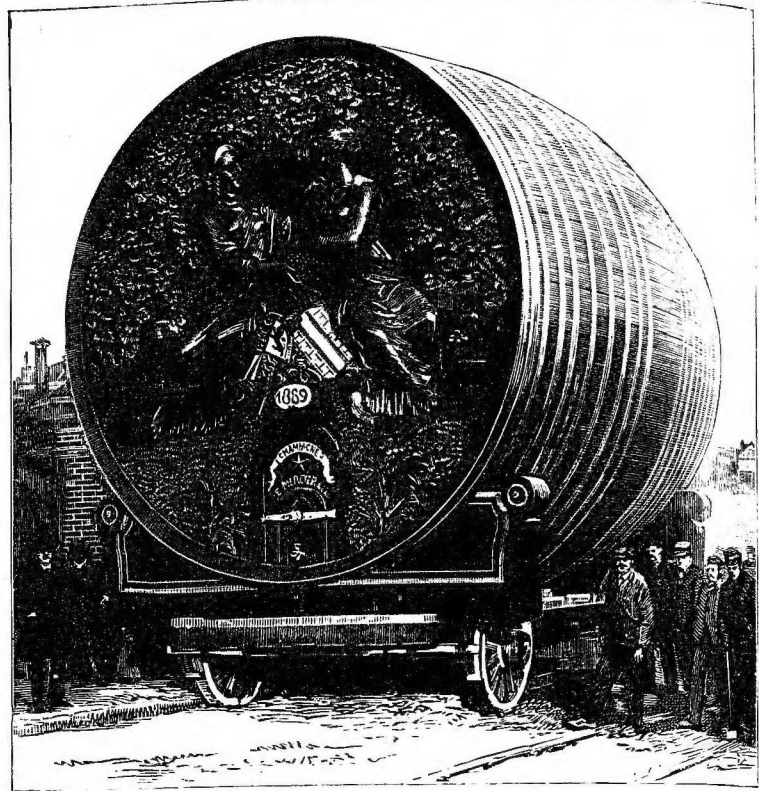
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION

THE present Paris Exhibition may be said to be divided into four parts. Firstly, the Champ de Mars, where are the main industrial and Fine Art buildings, and the all-dominating Eiffel Tower; secondly, the Trocadéro, on the right bank of the Seine, which is mainly given to hor- ticulture and arboriculture and the Department of Woods and Forests; thirdly, the Quai d'Orsay, where the agricultural and horticultural exhibits are located; and, finally, the Esplanade des In- valides, which is chiefly devoted to the sec- tions allotted to the French colonies, and which comprise Arab encampments from Algeria, and Malagasy, Annamite, Cochinese, and Indian villages, a Tonquinese restaurant, an Annamite theatre, and various colonial pavilions and kiosks, the War Department building, the section of Hy- giene, and a panorama of "Tout Paris." This portion of the Exhibition is connected with the Champ de Mars by a railway with numerous sta- tions so as to save time and trouble to visitors, whose powers of pedestrianism will be put to a severe test in any case. In the Champ de Mars, the largest building is the great Machinery Hall, of which the span is far greater than that of the St. Pancras Railway Station, and which can be seen in the distance extending for nearly the whole width of the Champ de Mars, and forming from the point of view in our illustration the background of the whole series of buildings. Adjoining, and nearer to the river, is the second of the four great structures, the Miscel- laneous Industries' Galleries, the central dome of which is one of the most conspicuous features of the Exhibition, and then running towards the river on either side are the Fine Art and the Liberal Arts sections. These great buildings form three sides of a quadrangle, which enclose hand- somely laid-out gardens. At the foot of these stands the Eiffel Tower, and then parallel to the river is M. Charles Garnier's inter- esting collection of human habitations, showing the progress the human race has made in its dwelling-places from the caves of the Troglodytes, the rude homes of pre-historic man in Central Asia, and the lake-dwellings, through the more civilised erections of day—dwellings of all nations being represented from the Scandinavian to the Soudanese, or the North American Redskins to the Japanese. Then there are separate pavilions of numerous South-American States, containing the exhibits of Mexico, Brazil, Bolivia, Chili, Venezuela, &c., there is a Children's Palace filled with all the toys and appliances which the juvenile mind delights in, restaurants innumerable crop up at every corner, while frivolous-minded folk, tired of contemplating the fruits of the world's industry, can solace themselves at the Théâtre Folies Parisiennes—a huge place of popular entertainment. Of the Eiffel Tower, which forms so prominent a feature in our illustration, we have so frequently written that we need say little more here. It may give some idea of the extent of its base when we state that the girth at the foot is nearly a quarter of a mile. The tower proper is built in three stories, and terminates at a height of 866 feet. Above this rises the campanile, in the lower part of which is a well-fitted laboratory for scientific research. Some distance higher, by means of a spiral staircase, another gallery is reached, surrounding the lantern which crowns the structure at the height of 984 feet—the total elevation of 1,000 feet being reached by the lightning conductor. Inside the lantern is a powerful electric light,

which is expected to be visible for many miles round. The weight of metal employed in the structure of the Tower is 7,350 tons, exclusive of the weight of the crissons employed in the foundations.

THE GREAT CHAMPAGNE TUN IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION

THIS tun—the largest in the world—has been manufactured by Messrs. E. Mercier and Co., the well-known winegrowers of Epernay, from Hungarian oak. The capacity of the cask is equal



to 200,000 bottles, or 800 hogsheads. It is twenty-five feet in height, and of equal length, and weighs forty tons; the steel bands encircling it weighing three tons alone. The conveyance of the monster cask from Epernay to Paris occupied ten days with the aid of twelve teams of oxen and horses. On the top end of the tun, an allegorical group in bronze represents "La Champagne" offering grapes to "Britannia," with the coats-of-arms of England and France quartered beneath them; and on the bottom end are four medallions in relief of the well-known head "La République." The tun will be situated in the Hall of the Palais des Produits Alimentaires at the Exhibition, on the Quai d'Orsay, with a tasting stall and reception-room adjoining. It will be filled with wine of the choicest vintage.

THE RUSH FOR THE PROMISED LAND

THE struggle for land in Oklahoma, on the day when that por- tion of the Indian territory was opened to settlers, is graphically described by the *New York Herald*. At noon, on April 22nd, a bugle-call sounded. This was the signal to cross the boundary, and for a rush on Lisbon, the mushroom city, which competed with Guthrie for the honour of becoming capital of the new territory. A low cloud of dust appeared in the north, and presently the forms of racing horses became visible in the cloud, a mad crowd of rushing horsemen. Several riders had fallen, and the horses had stampeded. "Nearer and nearer thunders the cavalcade, till the excited 'boomers,' their teeth set, and plying whip and spur, rush into the new-born city of Lisbon. Half-an-hour previously it was a patch of prairie, with a few tents and one wooden shanty, it is now a

teeming camp of thousands. The race from the frontier line, one mile and a-half, had been made in four minutes, and behind still came a trailing mass." Many men were unable to control their horses in the wild chase, and so were swept past the claims they had kept in view for weeks, quite losing their chance. Before Lisbon was half-an-hour old every "lot" showed a shingle or stick to mark the claimant, while fifty stores and two hundred tents were already in place. When noon struck at Guthrie, hosts of men hidden in the woods rushed down the slope from the railway, and began driving stakes and running away feverishly at his stake, he fell upon the other man driving away feverishly at his stake, he fell upon the next piece of ground. Then the first train came in, crammed to overflowing, and hundreds jumped off before the engine had slackened speed, and rushed down, laden with blankets, guns, spades, &c. A fat man, who was too eager to alight, stood on his head in the soft earth, while an artist fled up the slope ahead of the mob, and turned on his camera for an instantaneous photograph of the rush. The lot-seekers had laid out a mile of the prospective main-street, Broadway, in half-an-hour, and by the afternoon streets were planned to the distance of a mile on every side of the railway station, and the town claimed a population of over ten thousand. The first hotel was composed of fifty tents. Many unlucky people had not yet received their tents, and so sat on the grass in the middle of their claims to defend their lots from other "boomers." Meanwhile a whole train of the lawful inhabitants of the soil, the Poncha Indians, had been sent off to the Cherokee country, greeting their supplinters as they passed them with sullen looks and gestures of defiance.

JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

See page 503

MR. PARNELL IN THE WITNESS-BOX

This sketch is fully described in our "Legal" column.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, I.

WE need not attempt much description of these pictures, as most of our readers will either see the originals with their own eyes, or will read exhaustive criticisms on them. Biblical, as compared with secular, subjects are so rare in modern Art exhibitions—the case was much otherwise three or four centuries ago—that it is quite a pleasure to come across such a freshly-treated conception as that of "The First Sacrifice," by Edwin Douglas. Miss Ellen Montalba, too, has brought from the Riviera a girl who pleases more by her serious straightforward expression than the coquettish half-conscious beauties whom our artists are so fond of depicting. Miss Hilda Montalba, a still better-known member of that talented family, exhibits a very simple Venetian scene, yet of a kind which, when adequately treated, is always attractive. Sir John Gilbert's picture, as usual, glows with colour. He has not spared either King Harry or his Prime Minister. The latter, especially, has an overfed sensual aspect. Mr. Strutt's "Return Visit" contains a good deal of that animal life comedy which never fails to please. The abject terror of the turkeys at the cock's dreadful fate, and the somewhat selfish curiosity of the swine, who feel that they personally are in no danger from the insolent intruder, are very humorously portrayed. Mr. Schmalz gives a charming rendering of the story of that pathetic and ever-popular ballad "Allan Water." The tragedy, unfortunately, is being perpetually repeated. Mr. Weguelin's "Garden of Adonis" is thoroughly refreshing. It takes us out of this workaday world into a region of romance, where we feel, like Wordsworth, that we might "have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn." Mr. W. Frank Calderon shows himself a worthy son of his father in this well-posed group of figures. Girls, dogs, pony, and background are all good.

"THE TENTS OF SIEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brentnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 505.

MOMBASA ISLAND AND FORT

MOMBASA Island, the native name of which is M'vite, is about three miles in length north and south, and one and a-half miles in breadth, with a level surface about forty to sixty feet high. The shore is steep all round, in places perpendicular, and there is generally deep water close in shore. On the north side of the island the water is shallower, and there is a ford passable at low water only. The town and fort of Mombasa are on the eastern side of the island. The fort is large, and of quadrangular form, and was built on a massive portion of rock elevated some feet above the surface of the island. The rock is cut down so as to form a deep and broad moat, the masonry above rising as a continuance of the rock. The entrance projects over the moat, producing, with its sculptured stonework, an imposing effect, and is of more modern construction than the rest, having been built in 1635, in which year the other parts of the fort, originally built by the Portuguese at the end of the sixteenth century, were renovated.

COALING OF H.M.S. "AGAMEMNON"

STEAMERS go wherever the water is deep enough for their draught, and so the task of supplying them with those necessary black biscuits which impart vitality to their engines is entrusted to a variety of races of all colours and conditions, according to the part of the world where the vessel happens to be. We have been in a vessel coaled by English convicts in Western Australia, a surly discontented set, though well paid for the work they had to do; and by "Kroo boys" at the Cape, far more jovial crew, for they brought a fiddler with them, and sang choruses in unconscious Ethiopian serenader style. On the East Coast of Africa H.M.S. *Agamemnon* was coaled by slaves, and female slaves too; nor did the pressure of their feet upon the British deck confer upon them the boon of freedom which tradition claims. Anyhow, slaves or free, these lasses are eminently plump and well-liking, far better specimens of what human beings ought to be than thousands of the ill-nourished, stunted, poor women in our own great cities.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Surgeon F. M. Puddicombe, R.N., H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, Zanzibar.

MR. GOSLYNGE'S GOLDFISH

THIS series of engravings is sufficiently explained by the subtitles. It is only necessary to observe here that naval officers are nearly as fond of animal pets as is the proverbial Bluejacket. But pets are sometimes spoilt in more senses than one. Life on board ship is eminently artificial, and although the condensed water, which science supplies, is excellently suited for human beings, it does not agree with "the mute little fish," who require an aerated beverage. This is how Mr. Goslynge's pets came to grief.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster R.N.

WAYS AND MANNERS OF THE BRAHMA BULL

"THE Brahma Bull is considered sacred by the Hindu, and is worshipped. If a man loses his father, child, or any near relation, he gets a bull calf, and has him branded by a Brahmin priest on the quarters and shoulders with a sort of double trident. After some religious ceremony the calf is taken away and turned loose, to wander where he will, and feed on what he likes best, and so he remains a living memorial of their dead. These bulls, or 'Sars,' as they are called, get very fat and sleek, as they feed on the youngest and sweetest crops. They are seldom molested by the natives, but

sometimes a man will drive a 'Sar' out of his own crops into his neighbour's. At certain times these animals get very savage, and will attack both man and beast. When a ploughman or "Herwah" sees a bull coming, he at once unyokes his cattle, for if they were left tied the probability is that the bull would gore or kill them in their helpless position. Sometimes they get into a rage in a tobacco or opium plantation, and do great damage, then the natives turn out in force, and try to drive them away. A Hindu may have lost his bullocks, and want to plough his field, but he will never dream of taking and yoking a young Brahmin bull to his plough for the purpose. These animals always keep to their own district, and are often to be found in parties of six or eight. I have seen eight huge creatures rolling in and tearing up a crop of young oats. The picture of the bull attacking the 'keranche' really happened, while the Mem Sahib was out driving some years ago, and if it had not been for a brave native, she might have lost her life, for the animal left the bullocks and chased her, and she was burdened with a child in her arms."—The foregoing details are sent us by Mr. H. B. Neilson, who has supplied the sketches.

NOTE.—The article on "The Schools of the Royal Academy" published last week was from the pen of Mr. M. H. Spielmann.



THE TURF.—Much interest was felt at Newmarket on Thursday last week in the match between Mr. Abington's Mellifont (owner up) and Mr. C. Hibbert's Tortoise for 1,000*l.* a side. The pair had previously met in the Banstead Plate at Epsom, when Mellifont (then ridden by a professional) had won. On this occasion, however, Tom Cannon enabled Tortoise to turn the tables pretty easily upon his former conqueror. Imogene, a fine filly by St. Simon—Genuine, won a Maiden Plate; and Saucy Lass beat a big field in the Heath High-Weight Handicap Plate. Friday saw the decision of the One Thousand Guineas. Gagul started favourite, but ran nearly last, and the race resulted in favour of Mr. Vyner's Minthe, who thus proved that her forward running in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Leicester was no fluke. Wrinkle was second, and Polka third. The May Plate fell to Signorina, another daughter of St. Simon, and the Bretby Plate to Zariba.

Lobster, Castagnette, and Ringmaster were among the winners at Pontefract, and two races fell to the oddly-named Frank Patros, while, curiously enough, just as Minthe was winning at Newmarket, her half-brother Horsemint (also belonging to Mr. Vyner) was scoring up North. At Alexandra Park, where there was racing on Saturday, the mantle of C. Wood, who was always so successful over this course, seemed to have fallen upon T. Loates. He steered no fewer than four winners, and thus obtained second place in the list of winning jockeys, Fred. Barrett still being first, and George Barrett, who was unlucky enough to be second three times on this occasion, retiring to third. A. Nightingall rode three winners on Tuesday at Windsor, when in the Castle Hunters' Steeplechase the Prince of Wales's old hunter Reliance scored an appropriate and popular victory. Calder and Watts were the successful jockeys at Chester on Tuesday. Each scored three times. The Mostyn Two-Year-Old Plate fell to Bert, the Stamford Two-Year-Old Plate to Prince of Tyre, and the Eaton Plate to Sceneshifter, which also walked over for the Grosvenor Stakes. Prince of Tyre and Sceneshifter were again among the winners on Wednesday, the Cup Day. For the chief event, once so famous, but now shorn of much of its former glory, Exmoor was most in demand of the eleven runners, but the race was won by Mr. Blundell Maple's Millstream. Dante was second, and Cotillon third.

Donovan's defeat in the Two Thousand only temporarily affected his position in the Derby betting, and before the end of the week he was again favourite at 2 to 1. El Dorado, which it is supposed will represent Mr. Douglas Baird, was quoted at 7 to 2, and Enthusiast at 10 to 1. Robert the Devil, whose many battles with Bend Or in 1880-1 will long be remembered in the history of the Turf, died last week at the early age of twelve. Poor old John Osborne has been in the wars again. A colt called Uam Var came down with him last week, and broke its own neck and John's collarbone. He was rapidly recovering, however, at the time of writing.

CRICKET.—Surrey, which already has to mourn the loss of Mr. Bowden (who is stopping at the Cape) and of Bowley, who has been seriously ill, nearly suffered a worse disaster last week. George Lohmann, her crack bowler, cut his left hand—so badly, it was reported, that he would be unable to play for weeks. Happily, the report was very much exaggerated. "W. G." has not taken long to get into form. In local matches last week he ran up 67, 161, and 182. This is not the best score made this season, however. Playing for the United Services against the Southsea Rovers, Sergeant-Major Jeffkin, R.E., put together 205. Bowling feats have not been lacking, either. Messrs. Woods and Ford, playing for the Et Ceteras against the Perambulators at Cambridge, dismissed their opponents in the first innings for 24, Mr. Woods taking seven wickets for 12 runs, and Mr. Ford three for 12. In the Seniors' match, at Cambridge, Mr. C. P. Foley (32 and 44) and the Hon. H. A. Milles (32 and 27) batted consistently; while in the corresponding match at Oxford Messrs. G. L. Wilson (49 and 29), H. S. Schwann (66), and A. K. Watson (85) did best for their respective sides.—The M.C.C., at the General Meeting last week, made the three important alterations in the laws which were stood over last year. Henceforth, a bowler will be permitted to change ends as often as he pleases, provided that he does not bowl two consecutive overs; a captain may at any time on the last day of a match declare the innings of his side to be at an end; and, most important of all, the over in all matches is to consist of five balls.

FOOTBALL.—The League met last week to elect four clubs to fill the last four places. As was generally expected, the old four—Stoke, Burnley, Notts County, and Derby County—were re-elected. The last-named club may be expected to meet with more success next season than it has this, inasmuch as it has tempted away the next season than it has this, inasmuch as it has tempted away the celebrated Preston forward, J. Goodall. On the other hand, N. J. Ross has left Everton and returned to his old allegiance. Last Saturday he assisted the North Enders to beat Linfield Athletic, but in the unaccustomed position of centre forward.

RACQUETS.—Harrow was, as usual, well to the fore in the Amateur Championship competition. The final lay between the well-known Harrovian cricketers, E. M. Butler and M. C. Kemp. Butler, who has more opportunities of practice than his opponent, won by three sets to one. In the Championship match with C. D. Buxton (also a Harrovian) Butler had a tougher fight, but eventually won by three to two.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Owing to the vexatious innovations introduced by the New York Yacht Club into the conditions governing races for the America Cup, Lord Dunraven has withdrawn his challenge. The *Valkyrie* will very likely cross the Atlantic later on, however, to compete in ordinary club races.—Searle and O'Connor will meet for the Sculling Championship of the World in September next upon the Thames.—A good race should be witnessed at Manchester on May 22nd, when Parry and Thomas, respective champions of the South and North, run ten miles.



SWALLOWS are nesting on the top of the Eiffel Tower.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF SPIRITUALISTS will be held in Paris in September, when some curious views and experiences of the occult sciences are expected.

"ROBERT ELSMERE" has been dramatised at New York, and has completely failed on the stage. The story was considerably altered, for the atheistical Squire was cut out, while Robert himself did not die.

IMITATION TURQUOISES have been sold largely by the Persian merchants at Nishni-Novgorod fair of late. It has been discovered that out of 100,000 turquoise sold during the last years only 10 per cent. were genuine stones.

M. EMILE ZOLA'S NEW NOVEL, "La Bête Humaine" will shortly be published in Paris. This is the railway story for which M. Zola has been making studies in the various stations, besides taking trips on a locomotive.

OPium IN CHINA often replaces coins as currency. The Chinese "cash" is so cumbersome to carry that native travellers frequently take a fair amount of opium instead, being sure that they can always dispose of the drug profitably.

A VERY GRATEFUL PATIENT has just died in a South African Hospital. His obituary announcement included the remark that "E.P." wishes to express his thanks to the Superintendent of the Hospital and the many doctors who attended him during his last illness.

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY is now completely planned out by the Special Commission appointed to consider the subject. The line will run through Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Tchita, and Stretensk to Vladivostok, on the Pacific. It will be finished in from five to six years, and will cost 3,200*l.* per kilometre (rather over half a mile).

A FINE FRANK HALS is said to have been discovered at Brussels by M. Rochefort, who bought it cheap in an old curiosity shop. The picture is a full-length of a Syndic of the Louis XIII. period, wearing a black cloth costume slashed with satin, and deep lace collar, and holding a thin stick in his hands. The monogram "F. H." can be seen in the background.

CASTLE MEYERLING, where the Crown Prince of Austria died, is now being transformed into a memorial of the unfortunate Prince. The castle itself is to be a Carmelite convent, the room where Prince Rudolph breathed his last forming the chapel; the surrounding buildings will be converted into an asylum for persons incapacitated from work, the Prince's foresters having the first claim.

THE ICELANDERS look forward eagerly in the spring to the first European vessel which reaches them with news of the outside world after their long winter isolation. Owing to the cold spring this year, the usual Danish steamer was later than ordinary in reaching Reikiavik, and the first question the Icelanders shouted out to the captain as he neared the shore was "Is Bismarck alive and well?"

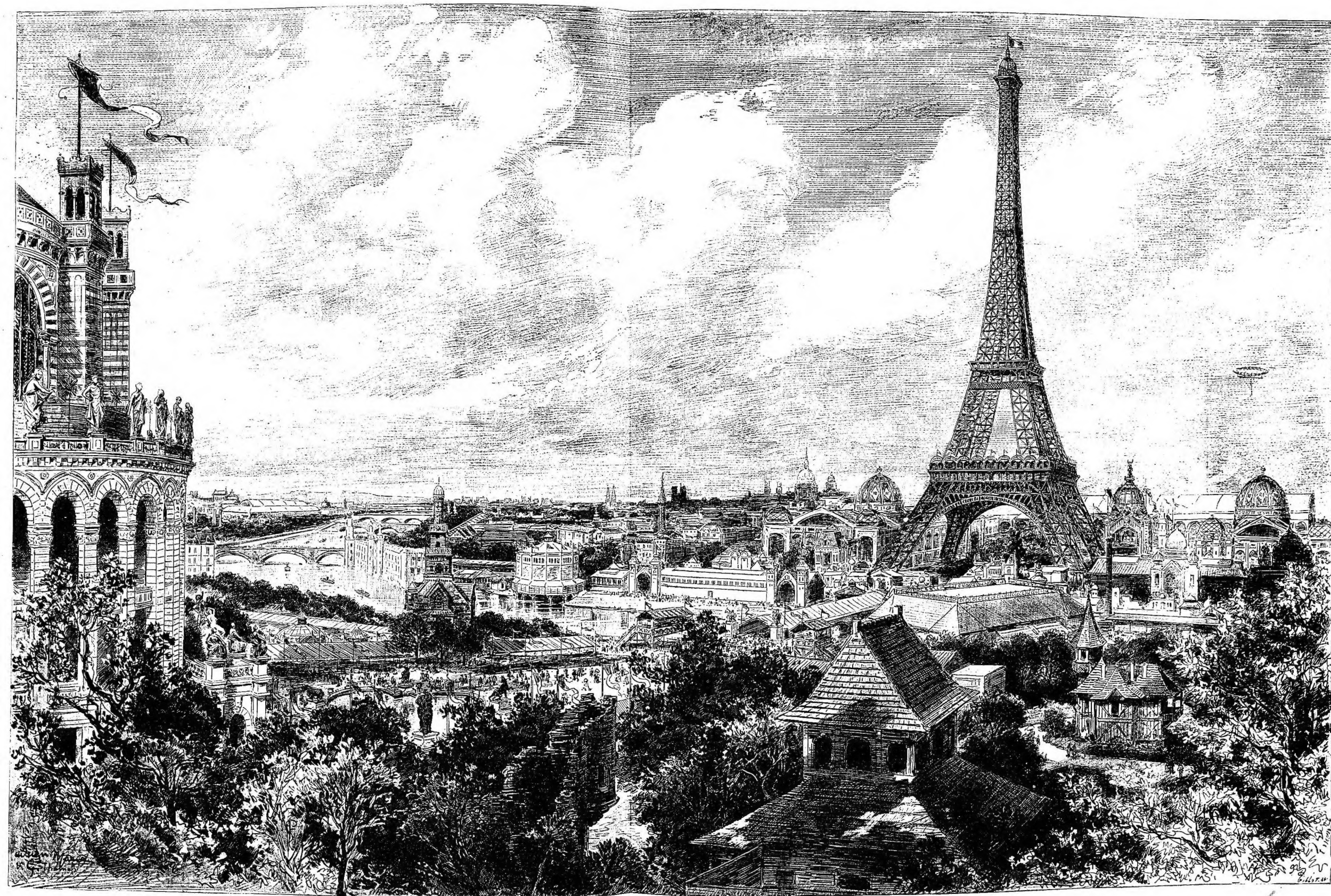
MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, Special War-Artist of *The Graphic*, has just returned from a highly successful lecturing tour in Canada. He has been telling the people his experiences as a war-artist in many campaigns, and the lectures have been illustrated by lantern reproductions of his own sketches. In the autumn Mr. Villiers will leave for a prolonged tour in the United States, Australia, and New Zealand.

ANOTHER BOULANGER BOYCOTTING INCIDENT has occurred in Paris. A panorama called "Tout Paris," and displaying all the celebrated Parisians of the day, was to have opened on the Esplanade of the Invalides simultaneously with the Exhibition. The Government, however, prohibited the opening because General Boulanger occupied too prominent a position in the panorama, while President Carnot was left in the background. The painter had previously been warned to modify his arrangement, but had not done so.

THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES AT PEKIN were entertained by the Chinese Government at a grand luncheon at the Foreign Office to celebrate the Emperor's wedding, and enjoyed some remarkable national delicacies among the more ordinary viands served to satisfy foreign palates. There was the famous birds'-nest soup, chicken soup with sharks'-fins, hams stewed in honey, bamboo shoots, cresses and green beans in vinegar, washed down with "Yin-chên-lou"—white wine distilled with artemisia, "rose dew," and "Wu-chia-pi"—brown wine distilled five times with orange peel, and resembling curaçoa. As it was contrary to etiquette for the ladies of the Legation to appear at the banquet, some of the dishes were sent to them. The Diplomatic Body received presents of jade sceptres, four pieces of satin, grey, yellow, blue, and brown, and embroidered work for the fans, spectacles, watches, and tobacco pouches, which are usually carried by the Chinese at their girdles.

GALLIC VIEWS OF THE TRADITIONAL ENGLISHMAN have not altered with time and closer intercourse. A series of types of foreigners is being sketched by the Paris *Figaro*, and poor John Bull and his wife are certainly the most unflattering portraits of the collection. The Englishman, says our lively contemporary, clings religiously to his national habits wherever he goes, and never adapts himself to the customs of the country where he sojourns. In Paris, he stays in an English hotel in the English quarter, so that he can hear his own tongue, eat "rumsteak" in a grill-room, with boiled potatoes, and drink claret under its English title instead of the proper French name. He must live near the English grocer for his "mixed pickles," or the British tailor for his "waterproofs" and "Ulsters," and will only change his money at an English establishment which recognises nothing but bank-notes, the only money respected by a true Briton. An Englishman in Paris will not dress as in London, for he wishes to disguise himself, nor will he adopt French fashions for fear of being taken for a Frenchman. So he wears a plaid suit and a peaked helmet, his costume being faithfully copied by his female relatives. For Englishwomen, ungallantly says the *Figaro*, are only fresh and lively whilst young girls hunting a husband, or brides, and they age quickly, and become more like Englishmen than Englishwomen. Evidently the *Figaro* critic bases his knowledge of English people on the crowds of the "Arry" and "Arriet" class of tourists who rush about Paris in the autumn, sheep-fashion, in personally-conducted parties, and who certainly do not represent Great Britain favourably either in manners or costume.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,386 deaths were registered against 1,463 during the previous seven days, a decline of 77, being 266 below the average, and at the rate of 166 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any week this year. These deaths included 68 from measles, 15 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 55 from whooping-cough, 5 from enteric fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from small-pox, typhus, or cholera. No small-pox patient was under treatment in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals or in the Highgate Hospital at the end of the week. Deaths referred to the diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 242, a decline of 63, and were 115 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths, 46 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,712 births registered, against 2,522 the previous week, being 140 below the average.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION
GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROCADERO AND THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS ON THE CHAMP DE MARS



FRANCE this week has been wholly occupied with the Paris festivities, which have passed off without any serious hitch—the only untoward incident being the attempt to shoot President Carnot on Sunday. The details of this attempt, as also those of the Versailles celebration and the opening of the Paris Exhibition, are given in another column, and we need only say here that the various speeches of President Carnot and his Ministers have been very well received throughout the country, while an excellent impression has been made by the quiet orderly way in which all the arrangements were carried out, and the absence of any attempt at disturbance. Nearly a quarter of a million visitors were present at the Exhibition on Monday, and in the evening, when the lighting up was to be tried for the first time, the gardens were densely thronged. The illuminations, both of the Exhibition, and, indeed, of all Paris, are described as being marvellously beautiful. The domes of the Machine Gallery and the Miscellaneous Industries' building were aglow with many coloured electric lamps, the *façades* were no less brilliant, the covered walks sparkled with innumerable incandescent lamps, the Trocadéro was ablaze with light, while, when the signal was given for the *Fête de Nuit* to begin, the Eiffel Tower was suddenly transformed into a crimson beacon, bathed in a ruddy glow from base to summit, whence the powerful electric beacon shone with dazzling brilliancy, said to be visible over eighty miles round. In the city, the public buildings, bridges, squares, and principal streets were illuminated *a giorno*, illuminated launches and small boats paraded the Seine, while there was a grand display of fireworks in the Place de la Concorde. The dense crowds in the streets were remarkably orderly, and when here and there the refrain *C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut* was raised the police very wisely took no notice. There is very little general news this week. M. Rochefort's son was buried on Tuesday, at Montmartre, M. Déroulle, and other noteworthy members of the Extreme and the Boulangist parties being present. Perrin, who shot at President Carnot, denies that he intended to injure him, and points to the fact that his revolver contained several blank cartridges. An expert is examining the barrel which was fired, to see whether it contained ball-cartridge.

IN GERMANY, the Reichsrath has reopened, and has been discussing the principles of State Socialism with regard to the Old Age and Indigence Assurance Bill, to which there has been considerable opposition. The Samoan Conference has been keeping steadily at work, and the sub-committees have been considering the vexed question of private titles to lands in the islands, and the still more crucial point of the future form of Government. The deliberations are kept strictly secret, but it is generally expected that the Samoans will be allowed to choose their own ruler, but that in some form or another he will be subject to the joint supervision of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. The Emperor and Empress have been to Kiel to be present at the christening of Prince and Princess Henry's infant. The ceremony was held in the Rittersaal of the Old Schloss, and the infant Prince received the name of Waldemar, and was toasted by the Emperor at the subsequent banquet as Germany's youngest sailor. The King of Italy is expected at Berlin the week after next, and on the 23rd the Berlin garrison will parade before the Emperor and his guest. The Emperor, however, will not hold the grand annual spring review until the 29th inst., the anniversary of the day when he led his brigade of Guards past his dying father in the Schloss Park at Charlottenburg. There has been a little tiff with Switzerland owing to the arrest by the Swiss authorities of a German inspector of police named Wohlgemuth, whom they charged with provoking agitation amongst the German Socialists in Switzerland. Wohlgemuth was at once released on the request of the German authorities, and has been especially examined at the Berlin Foreign Office. It appears that he had associated with a tailor named Lutz in order to obtain information regarding the movements of the German Socialists, and that Lutz had denounced him to the Swiss authorities for attempting to induce him to act as *agent provocateur* among the Socialists. Four thousand miners are on strike in Westphalia and Rhenish Prussia.

EASTERN AFRICAN AFFAIRS are exciting as much interest as ever in Germany, and the movements of Captain Wissmann are being anxiously noted. That officer is now at Bagamoyo, where he has assembled his little expeditionary force, and is stated to be ready for hostile action. His force consists of some 900 men, viz., European Staff, 100; Southerners, 600; Somalis, 100; and Zulus, 100. Dr. Peters has been on a reconnoitering expedition to Lamu, and is credited with trying to forestall the presumed intention of the English by establishing a connection between the German sphere of interest and Emin's Equatorial Province. It is believed, however, that he will not be able to leave the coast, as Captain Wissmann evidently has had a hint from Berlin to forbid his marching through the German territory, and, as the *Times* correspondent remarks, it will be next to impossible for Dr. Peters to force and fight his way through the Witu country, north of the British zone. Mr. Hooper, the missionary, arrived safely at Zanzibar last week. An Embassy from the Sultan of Mandara in the Kilima-njaro district is shortly expected at Berlin.

IN EASTERN EUROPE the war scare of last week is somewhat abating, though there is a very uneasy feeling in Austria with regard to recent events in Serbia and Roumania, where the Austrian influence has received a very decidedly double check by the accession of two such very decided Philo-Russian Cabinets as those of M. Ristich and M. Catargi. There is a consequent tendency to draw yet closer to Germany, and, while giving no ground for provocation to Russia, to make every preparation for war should one become necessary. Curiously enough, M. Jokai, the well-known novelist, and who is editor of the late *Crown Prince's* publication "Austria-Hungary by Pen and Pencil" has chosen the present time for a lecture on the Crown Prince, in which he dwelt upon the political apprehensions of the Prince, who recently spoke to him as follows:—"War is inevitable. Would it were here! Better now than later, for the later it breaks out the more terrible it will be, and the more uncertain its issue. At this moment we have allies on whom we can depend, but even had we to fight unaided, our good cause would help us. We should either be victorious or fall gloriously." M. Jokai, accordingly, concludes that the Crown Prince made away with himself in a fit of pique at the Emperor rejecting his advice to declare war against Russia before the latter could complete any overwhelming preparations.—In the Balkan provinces all is quiet.—In SERBIA, the Archbishop Michael has declined a public reception on his return to Belgrade, while Russia has advised Queen Nathalie not to visit Serbia just now, as King Milan returns next week.—In RUSSIA, the Czar is about to visit Warsaw, and it is stated that, during his stay, he intends to be crowned King of Poland in the same manner as his predecessors Nicholas and Alexander I. This rumour has received additional credence from the recent Imperial ukase dealing with the rights of territorial possession in the western provinces of Poland, which is looked upon as exceedingly liberal, and as assuring unexpected facilities to Polish land-

holders, to whom, indeed, this is the first important concession on record. Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, died on Tuesday afternoon.

IN INDIA the negotiations for the definitive settlement of the Thibetan question still hang fire, and it has now been decided that, unless they are speedily brought to a satisfactory conclusion, a force will be marched into the Kupup Valley, which lies at the foot of the Jelap Pass, with the object of occupying, if necessary, the Chumbi Valley, as without some such determined action it is considered unlikely that the Thibetans will agree to any peaceful terms. Our other troublesome neighbours, the Lushais, having received a severe lesson for the murder of Lieutenant Stewart, are to be rendered as harmless as possible for the future by a system of central posts and thorough roads, thus bringing the whole country under complete control. It is expected, however, that this system will not be completed for four or five years. The good people of Benares, like folk nearer home, object to sanitary reform, and have signed a petition to the number of 100,000 against the proposed drainage and water works, to the expense of which they roundly refuse to contribute. Several murders for supposed witchcraft are reported. One is from a village, Galuho, in the Deccan, where two shepherds, being suspected of unholy practices in connection with a cholera epidemic, were seized, solemnly tried, and condemned for witchcraft by the village commission, and sentenced to be tortured to death. Their teeth were extracted with pincers, and their heads shaved. They were next buried up to their necks, and wood being piled round their heads a fire was lighted, and their skulls burned to ashes.

IN BURMA the situation remains far from satisfactory, and numerous encounters with dacoits continue to be reported. Near Kendat, in Upper Chindwin, Mr. Stuart, the assistant-superintendent of police, with twenty-five men attacked a stockade defended by 200 dacoits. Mr. Stuart was wounded and his men repulsed, but eventually the stockade was captured by a reinforcement of mounted infantry and Bengal infantry. In Eastern Karennee, Sawlapaw is stated to have massacred eighty-five persons of position, who befriended the British when the troops visited Sawlon. General Walseley's force has had some petty skirmishes with the Pankan Kachyens. The General himself is going with an escort towards Hakan to establish communication with Mr. Daly, and to meet and bring in Mr. Sheriff, the representative of the Rangoon Chamber of Commerce, who has been visiting the Shan States with the object of opening up trade.

IN THE UNITED STATES, as in the various European countries, the French Consul-General held a meeting of his countrymen to celebrate the centenary of the opening of the States-General at Versailles. The meeting was attended by some 2,000 persons, and was very stormy, owing to one speaker, Professor Piston violently attacking the New York Press, and alluding to General Boulanger as a "shooting star who had deserted the President and disappeared." Much sensation has been caused by the mysterious disappearance at Chicago of Dr. P. M. Cronin—a friend of Le Caron, and a prominent Irishman, who, however, was an opponent of Mr. Alexander Sullivan. He was summoned on Saturday evening to attend a man who was said to be terribly injured by an accident at Mr. Sullivan's house, and has not since been heard of. Meanwhile, a trunk has been found in a ditch, packed with bloodstained cotton, and a lock of hair discovered in it is said to have belonged to Dr. Cronin. It is stated that he had been threatened with death. Mr. Sullivan, however, declares that Dr. Cronin will turn up again, and that the whole affair is merely an advertising dodge.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The King of the Belgians has proposed a final Congo Conference of the European Powers for September.—Cardinal Lavigerie has summoned an International Anti-slavery Conference at Lucerne, from the 3rd to the 10th August.—The King of Dahomey has asked England to take his dominions under her protection.—In Egypt the dervishes retired from Holoib on the arrival of the British, who are busily constructing forts.—In South Africa the Orange Free State Customs Convention with Cape Colony has been ratified by the Volksraad. Natal, however, declines to join in the Convention.



THE QUEEN returned to Windsor from town on Saturday. During her three days' stay at Buckingham Palace Her Majesty held a Drawing Room, went twice to see the Duke of Edinburgh, drove several times in Hyde Park, and entertained at dinner the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Dukes and Duchesses of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Teck. On Saturday morning the Queen gave audience to Lord Salisbury, and subsequently left the Palace with Princess Beatrice and her children, Prince Henry remaining in town to attend the Academy Dinner. Next morning Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. Teignmouth Shore preached. On Monday Lady Campbell of Blythwood arrived on a visit, and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh and his sisters lunched with the Queen. Her Majesty comes to town again next week to hold a Drawing Room on Tuesday, and expects to leave for Balmoral about May 31st, if Princess Beatrice's health permits. The Queen, however, can only make a very brief stay in Scotland, as Her Majesty will be back at Windsor for the opening of the Agricultural Show in June.—The Royal Welsh visit is fixed for August 22nd, when the Queen will spend a few days at Palé Mansion, in a picturesque situation on the banks of the Dee, near Bala Lake, and within reach of splendid scenery. The Queen has been in Wales twice before, visiting Powis Castle and the Vale of Llangollen in 1832, when Princess Royal, and going to Bangor to see the Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits in 1852 with the Prince Consort.—The first State Ball and Concert of this season are fixed respectively for the 23rd and 31st inst.—Her Majesty much regrets the loss of the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, who has resigned her post as Lady of the Bedchamber, owing to failing health. Lady Ely has been a constant companion to the Queen since 1851, and has been appointed an Extra Lady, to be with Her Majesty when needed. Lady Downe, who has been with the Duchess of Connaught in India, takes her place.—The Queen has bestowed the Order of Victoria and Albert (usually reserved for Royalty) on Lady Geraldine Somerset, for her devoted service to the Duchess of Cambridge.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are now settled in town for the season. On Saturday they gave a luncheon-party, where the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, with the Duc d'Orléans and Princess Hélène were the chief guests, and the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princesses Louise and Beatrice came in the afternoon. In the evening the Prince and his sons went to the Royal Academy Dinner, and next morning the Prince and Princess and family attended to join the *Excellent* for gunnery practice. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's on behalf of the Queen, and afterwards accompanied his wife and daughters to Euston Road

where the Princess laid the foundation-stone of the new Hospital for Women. The Prince and Princess and their daughters went to the Opera Comique in the evening. Next day the Prince unveiled the Jubilee Memorial statue of the Queen at the London University, Burlington Gardens. Yesterday (Friday) and to-day (Saturday) the Prince was expected to witness the Kempton Park Spring Meeting, besides dining with the officers of the Royal yachts last night. The Prince will hold a Levée on behalf of the Queen on June 3rd, and there is to be another Levée in July. The Prince will not now visit Wales for the opening of the Eisteddfod.—Prince Albert Victor will preside at the Festival Dinner of the Great Northern Central Hospital on the 29th inst.

The Duke of Edinburgh is so much better that no further bulletins will be issued. He will not, however, be quite well for some time, as the Maltese fever, from which he has suffered, is intermittent, and very weakening. He was able to take walking exercise on Monday. The Duchess, on Saturday, presided at the annual meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, and opened the bazaar in Sloane Square in aid of the Upper Chelsea Church and Schools now building.—Princess Louise will distribute the prizes to the Volunteer Medical Staff to-day (Saturday) at the Guildhall.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will succeed to the apartments of the late Duchess of Cambridge in St. James's Palace.—The infant son of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia was christened at Kiel, on Sunday, with much ceremony, and named Waldemar Wilhelm Ludwig Friedrich Victor Heinrich. Emperor William and the Empress came specially from Berlin to be present, and the Emperor held his nephew at the font. When Emperor William comes to England to stay with the Queen during the second week in July, he will travel in the ironclad *Kaiser*, accompanied by a large squadron. The Empress will follow in the Imperial yacht *Hohenzofern*.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is at Malvern for her health.—Prince Eugène, the youngest son of the King of Sweden, will probably visit England towards the end of the present month.



THE OPERA.—Great preparations are being made at both opera houses for the opening of the season. The Royal Italian Opera is being thoroughly painted and redecorated, for the first time for some years; although, as the old tints of the ceiling and box-fronts are being retained, the house will still wear its familiar aspect. Mr. Augustus Harris, as was expected, has increased his company by the addition of Madame Nordica, who will play Marguerite in *Faust*, and will create the part of Eva in *Die Meistersinger*; and Madame Marie Roze, who will make her *rentrée* in *Carmen*, to the Don Jose of Mr. Barton M'Guckin. The Irish tenor, will, early in the season, share the chief tenor parts with M. Talazac, M. Jean de Reszké not appearing until June. M. Isnardon, of Brussels, has been engaged for Beckmesser, and M. Seguin, who has played in Brussels the part of Hans Sachs (which, however, will be undertaken here by M. Lassalle), has likewise joined the troupe. The season will begin on Saturday next, the 18th.—Her Majesty's Theatre is likewise in the hands of the decorators. Here the alterations will be more important, and the stall-seats and furniture, which had been damaged by storage, are being renewed. Mr. Mapleson's prospectus will not be issued until at any rate the end of the week.

BRAHMS' NEW SONATA.—The new Sonata Op. 108, by Johannes Brahms, the third of the series composed by him for pianoforte and violin, was produced, for the first time in England, by Miss Fanny Davies at Prince's Hall on Tuesday. As to the fragmentary and apparently somewhat laboured *finale* it would be rash now to express a definite opinion. But the first three movements interest from the outset: the opening by its ability, the slow movement for its grace, and for the charm of its principal subject (borrowed from one of Brahms' new songs), and the brief third movement with its intermezzo for its undeniable effectiveness. The sonata was written by Brahms as recently as last autumn, and it will be repeated two or three weeks hence by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé at St. James's Hall.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Dr. Hans Richter began his new season of concerts on Monday. The orchestra is very much the same as last year, and as the programme was composed of some of the most popular and familiar works of the Richter repertory, it does not demand any lengthy comment. The most important item was the *Eroica* symphony, whereof the Funeral March was most impressively rendered. With what final care Dr. Richter conducts the *Parsifal* and *Meistersinger* preludes, and the spirited rendering which he always secures for Liszt's second rhapsody, need not again be described.—On Saturday the Strolling Players gave an orchestral concert, the programme including Mendelssohn's first symphony and Grieg's *Peer Gynt* suite.—On Saturday of this week the Prince of Wales (and, if his health permit, the Duke of Edinburgh) will attend the smoking concert given by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, and the Royal Orchestra will likewise give a performance.

"MIGNONETTE."—It seems a pity that so many tasteful dresses and such care in its adequate presentation on the stage have been wasted upon so feeble a work as Messrs. Brand and Parker's *Mignonette*, which was first produced at the Royalty last Saturday. The story is a simple one. Barely fifty years ago a Tyrolean landowner very properly refuses to permit his daughter to marry a penniless artist, and, as his own house is made rather too hot to hold him, he retires to the forest, and enjoys his pipe in a woodcutter's cabin. Wherein lies his crime is not quite clear. But it seems that the young couple, having enlisted the sympathies of a ponderous "Mountain Spirit" possessed of miraculous attributes, that worthy calls up the ghosts of the landowner's former wives, and compels the curmudgeon to change identities with his courtierlike brother, and thus to see for himself what a sour-tempered old man he is. Miracle-workers of modern times are always dangerous personages on the stage, and the audience resented the mountain conjuror, and still more so the harsh humour of a comic footman. The music to which this strange story is set is of the drawing-room pattern, and is so utterly undramatic as to render the librettist little assistance. Mr. Lionel Brough did what he could for the part of the peppery old parent, but the piece, nevertheless, was not a success.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Brief reference only is possible to the enormous number of Chamber Concerts which will be given weekly from now to mid-July. Of recent performances by Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse, Miss Isabel Godfrey, the Grosvenor Club, the Wind Instrument Society, Mr. W. Nicholl (who reintroduced Brahms' *Gipsy Songs*), Mr. Orton Bradley (with a programme of Brahms' music), Madame Frickenhaus (who gave an excellent performance of Beethoven's great sonata Op. 109), the Musical Artists' Society (who introduced a new pianoforte quartet in C by Mr. Gerard Cobb), Mr. Roden Pearce, Mr. Lawrence Pearce, and others we cannot spare space for details.—On Tuesday, at his concert, Mr. Ernest Kiver performed Schumann's *Études Symphoniques*, and introduced, for the first time in public, Mr. Thomas Wingham's

string quartet in G minor. The work had already been given in semi-privacy at the Oratory, Brompton, and its slow movement, an arietta with variations, set to the melody associated by Webbe with the lines beginning, "O Roma felix quæ duorum Principum," is especially interesting.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Sir Arthur Sullivan will not write the short choral work which he projected for this year's Leeds Festival, as he hopes to contribute a far larger and more important composition (probably an oratorio) to the Festival of 1892.—It is still hoped that Sir John Stainer will accept the post of Professor at Oxford, but the question will not finally be decided till next week.—Madame Albani will sail from New York for England to-day (Saturday), but she has, we understand, not yet definitely engaged herself at either opera house.—Mr. Sims Reeves has recovered from his hoarseness, and has now resumed his farewell provincial tour.—The clever young violinist, Miss Teresina Tui, is about to return to England to appear at concerts.—Verdi has put a final stop to his proposed Jubilee celebration (his first opera, *Oberto*, was produced at Milan in November, 1839), by forbidding the performance of any of his music thereat.—A portion of a pianoforte concerto, alleged to have been written by Beethoven when about twenty years of age, has just been produced by Dr. Richter at the last Philharmonic Concert, Vienna.—Mr. Bennett, on Saturday, gave at the Royal Institution the first of a series of lectures on the development of the opera. He dealt then chiefly with the Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Masques of the Middle Ages and Early Stuart period.

MR. CARL ROSA

WE last week briefly announced the sudden death in Paris, on the 30th ult., of the eminent *impresario* of English opera, Mr. Carl Rosa. The chief events of his busy life may be summed up in a very few sentences. Mr. Carl August Nicholas Rose (who, on taking up his British nationality, formally assumed the surname of Rosa), was born on March 22nd, 1842. He made his first appearance at his native Hamburg as a boy of seven, toured through England and Scotland as a juvenile prodigy of eleven, entered the Leipzig Conservatorium as a student of the violin at sixteen, made his definite *début* (on the recommendation of his fellow-pupil, Sir Arthur Sullivan) at the Crystal Palace in the *adagio* from Spohr's Eleventh Concerto in 1866, married the famous Madame Parepa in the following year, toured with her in the United States for six seasons, amassed a large fortune, and finally, after Parepa's death, started the Carl Rosa Opera Company in London in 1875. Since that period, the troupe, as an opera company, has ranked high, and its director, besides earning large sums of money, has been able to offer an operatic *début* to several of the younger school of British musicians, notably Mr. Cowen (*Pauline* and an opera not yet produced), Professor Stanford (*The Canterbury Pilgrims*), Dr. Mackenzie (*Coomb's and The Troubadour*), Mr. Goring Thomas (*Esmeralda and Nalashila*), and Mr. Corder (*Nord'sa*). Towards



the close of last month Mr. Rosa left London for Paris on business connected with the approaching season of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. He was also anxious to hurry on the composition of a new comic opera (written and composed respectively by Messrs. Bisson and Planquette) which is intended to follow *Paul Jones* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mr. Rosa seems to have caught cold during his journey to Paris, and, shortly after his arrival, was taken ill, either with peritonitis or typhoid fever, to which he succumbed on April 30th, at the Grand Hôtel. His body was removed to England. Almost all the gentlemen named above, together with Sir George Grove, many past and present members of the various Carl Rosa troupes, and an extraordinary gathering of eminent resident musicians and critics were present at the funeral service held at St. James's Church, Westbourne Street, on Monday, when Dr. Bridge played Schubert's *Marche Solennelle*, the choir of the church chanted the Psalms and sang two Burial Hymns, and when to the strains of the "Dead March" from *Saul*, played by Dr. Bridge, the coffin, covered with flowers, was borne out of the church and conveyed to Highgate, where it was temporarily deposited in a catacomb until a new family vault could be prepared to finally receive it. Madame Parepa, Mr. Rosa's first wife, lies buried in another part of the same cemetery.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Walery, 164, Regent Street, W.



NEW pieces continue to come forth in prodigious abundance—chiefly, however, at *matinées*. Last week, Mr. James Mortimer obtained an opportunity at TERRY'S Theatre of trying a new farcical comedy, adapted from the French, under the title of *Oh, Those Widows!* As it proved, "widows" had not much to do with the play, though one widow of foolishly vain and amorous propensities was a very prominent personage, and furnished Miss Larkin abundant opportunities for provoking laughter. The subject was rather too slight even for farcical comedy, but the dialogue was sprightly, and the whole fairly amusing. Miss Lydia Cowell (who also appeared on the occasion in a compressed and partly re-written version of Mr. Mortimer's adaptation of *La Joie fait Peur*) greatly

distinguished herself by the truth and humour, as well as by the judicious moderation, of her impersonation of a modern maid-of-all-work.—On Monday afternoon, at the benefit of Mr. Charles Harris at the GAIETY, a new burlesque, entitled *Dick Turpin the Second*, was played for the first time, though not with any great success.—On Tuesday evening a travelling troupe, known as Mr. Edwin Gilbert's Comedy Company, gave at St. George's Hall a representation of a new comedy-drama, in four acts, by Joseph Dilley and Mary C. Rowsell, founded on their joint-novel, *Whips of Steel*.—A more important production is Mr. W. Cooper's *Angelina*, an adaptation of *Une Mission Délicate*, produced on Thursday afternoon at the VAUDEVILLE, and supported by the full strength of Mr. Thorne's company. Of this we must have another opportunity of speaking.—Besides these Messrs. Edward Rose and John Douglass propose to bring out at a Vaudeville *matinée* on the 16th a new three-act drama, entitled *Her Father*, together with an original dramatic sketch, entitled *Dregs*, written by Alec Nelson.—The afternoon of the 25th inst. is to witness the production of two new plays, namely, Mr. Stanley Little's domestic drama entitled *Doubt*, at the GRAND; and Mr. W. Sapte, jun.'s, new comedy-drama entitled *Marah*, in a prologue and three acts, which is to be produced at another house.

Mr. Hare, in a letter to the papers, has confirmed the rumour that the *dénouement* of Mr. Pinero's new play *The Profligate* at the GARRICK Theatre was, at his suggestion, subjected to a radical change. As originally written, the "profligate" hero did not merely attempt to commit, but actually did commit, suicide, leaving the spectator to understand that the heroine was to marry again with her silent adorer, the lawyer, Mr. Murray. This was apparently judged to be too tragic an ending. It is to be inferred that some passages have been suppressed which would have prepared the spectator for the lady's second marriage. This affords an explanation of the prominence given to the lawyer's secret passion in the first act, as well as of the somewhat purposeless air which his subsequent appearances now present.

Mr. Toole has organised a series of revivals of his most popular performances for Saturday afternoons, in such wise as to give a constant change of bill. On Saturday next he will appear in *Paul Pry* and in Mr. Hollingshead's *Birthplace of Polgers*. It is now some twenty-five years since this amusing satire upon literary relic-show first saw the light, with Mr. Toole as Tom Cranky, at the LYCEUM. Since then this popular comedian and manager has played his original part in the little piece some hundreds, indeed, we believe, some thousands of times.

Mr. Flower's assertion that the recent performance of the First Part of *King Henry VI.* at Stratford-on-Avon was the first since the poet's days has been questioned, but Mr. Flower defends it, and he seems to be right. The single performance given, as noted by Genest, at Covent Garden, in 1738, "by desire of several ladies of quality," was certainly more likely to be Crowne's *pasticcio* than Shakespeare's text, which was not much in demand among "ladies of quality" *temp.* George II. This belief is strengthened by the fact that the announcement of the performance appears to have borne the words "first time for fifty years," which just takes us back to the period when Crowne was flourishing.

Mr. Pinero has completed a new farcical comedy for Mrs. John Wood, who will produce it at the COURT Theatre in September.

The Weaker Sex has not proved very attractive at the COURT. It will shortly be withdrawn. It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear before their forthcoming departure for the United States in Mr. Sydney Grundy's play *A White Lie*. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have arranged a series of Wednesday *matinées*, commencing on the 15th with *The Queen's Shilling*.

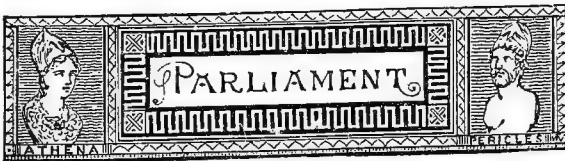
At the GAIETY, *Faust Up to Date* will be performed for the 185th time this (Saturday) evening. The piece has recently been refitted with new songs and new "gags" "up to date," and runs along as merrily as ever, supported, as it is, by the admirable acting and singing of Misses St. John and Cameron; the excellent fooling of Messrs. Lonnen and Stone; and the graceful dancing of the other members of this talented company.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's engagement at the PRINCESS'S, which is of the nature of a farewell, for this immensely popular actor is going to fulfil extensive engagements in America, is prolonged for six nights. A few more performances of *The Silver King* will be given. The last night, the 18th inst., will be reserved for the *Ben-my-Chree*. The prices of numbered seats will, on this occasion, be doubled.

Richard III., at the GLOBE, reaches its fiftieth night on Monday. There will be no evening performance on Thursday, May 16th, as it will then be played at 2 P.M.

Mrs. Langtry's first appearance on her return from America in the autumn is expected to be made at the GAIETY Theatre, Dublin.

Mr. Charles Dickens, who has just completed a prosperous tour in the North, will read selections from his father's works on the evenings of Monday the 13th, and Monday the 20th inst., at PRINCE'S HALL, Piccadilly.



THE amount of work daily recorded in the House of Commons does not make a large figure, rarely indeed, as far as Votes in Supply are concerned, going beyond the unit. Still, work is advancing. Some principal Votes in Supply have been obtained, including those for the Home Office, the Foreign Office, and the Colonial Office. These involve the main features of the policy of the Government, and have always been used as pegs on which to hang a long series of speeches. Although it seems disheartening that after a discussion extending over a whole sitting there should be as nett result only a single vote agreed to, it is fair to take note of the particular character of the vote. By and by, the stiff places crossed, progress will be smoother, and may reasonably be expected to be more rapid.

Tuesday's morning sitting saw the conclusion of a prolonged debate. But the interest involved, alike financial and political, was enormous. It was the Naval Defence Bill that stood for its second reading, and the Naval Defence Bill, amongst other things, means an expenditure of twenty-one millions sterling. Apart from that, it settles the policy of the Admiralty for seven years to come; in view of which fact discussion spread over a portion of an evening sitting and the whole of a morning sitting does not seem to be an excessive draft of deliberation. It is quite true that as far as the appearance of the House on Tuesday was concerned, no great harm would have been done had the vote been taken at Monday's sitting. The benches were lamentably empty, members declining to come in to hear orators of the stamp of Captain Price and Colonel Gourley.

Lord Randolph Churchill was in his seat through the greater part of the afternoon, an incident which lent some interest to the proceedings, since no one can say what may not happen when Lord Randolph is to the fore. But Achilles sulked in his tent. Only once did he interpose, and that was with an interjectionary remark which instantly stirred the sleepy House. Lord George Hamilton ventured upon the paradoxical remark that Foreign Powers, anxious for peace, welcomed the addition to the English fleet because they knew that its force would be used in preserving peace. "Is there,"

said Lord Randolph, rising and leaning over towards his particularly dear friend the First Lord of the Admiralty, "is there any official despatch which says that?" Lord George was obliged to admit that there was none, and proceeded to change the subject, anxious above all things not to drag into the arena his embarrassingly candid friend.

Mr. Gladstone was about the House through the afternoon, and there was at one time a report current that he intended to speak. If he had ever had the intention he changed his mind, contenting himself with voting against the second reading without troubling the House by an exposition of the complex reasons under which he acted. These are, happily, sufficiently well known. The leaders of the Opposition have from the outset shrunk from the responsibility of directly opposing the Government scheme for strengthening the fleet. But it is the business of an Opposition to oppose, and the ingenuity of the Front Bench has not failed to discover a side issue which might justify an adverse vote. Mr. Gladstone has, accordingly, denounced as unprecedented, and even unconstitutional, that portion of the scheme which spreads over a period of seven years a considerable proportion of the money to be expended on the fleet. He stands by the old, wholesome, commercial principle that every year's expenditure should be met out of the finances of the year. It was on this specific ground that he, accompanied by most of his colleagues on the Front Bench, walked out to vote against the second reading of the Naval Defence Bill to be beaten by the biggest majority the Government have had this Session, 277 voting for the Second Reading, and 136 against—two to one on a stronger fleet.

The Irish members came back on Monday, and speedily made their familiar voices heard. Mr. Sexton, the House is grateful to acknowledge, still extends his holiday, and the question hour is thereby spared his ordinary daily contribution of interminable interrogation. But Mr. Swift MacNeill is back again, celebrating his return by immediately shouting two questions at the top of his voice in the ear of Mr. Balfour, and putting on the paper not less than six questions for Thursday's sitting.

Another noteworthy arrival with the opening of the week was Mr. Conybeare, fresh from Falcarragh. It had been announced that Mr. Atherley Jones intended to move the adjournment in order to call attention to the circumstances attendant upon the arrest of Mr. Harrison and the legal proceedings against Mr. Conybeare. According to ordinary usage in the House of Commons, when a member's conduct is made the subject of discussion he studiously absents himself. Mr. Conybeare, taking, as usual, a view of his duty differing from that of the average gentleman, made a point of hurrying over from Ireland, not only to be present at the debate, but to take a prominent part in it. He, however, met with grievous disappointment, inasmuch as the Speaker ruled that all reference to his particular case as being *sub judice* must be foregone. This was a staggerer for the member for Camborne, who ineffectually struggled for the space of an hour against the dictum. But as soon as he began to allude to the subject uppermost in his mind the Speaker rose, called him to order, and insisted that if he continued his remarks he should confine himself to the far less interesting topic of the arrest of Mr. Harrison.

At first the debate did not promise to grow beyond the oration of Mr. Atherley Jones and the interjections of Mr. Conybeare. Sir Horace Davey, who, Mr. Labouchere once cruelly observed, had not been provided with a seat in the hope that he would prove of any assistance in debate, treated the subject of the arrest of Mr. Harrison from a dry legal standpoint. He followed the Solicitor-General for Ireland, who had been equally unemotional, and at this stage it seemed that the debate would die of inanition. But Mr. Balfour appearing on the scene speedily brought about a transformation. The benches, hitherto empty, filled up; the air of weariness that had prevailed gave place to an electrical condition; and soon the familiar, inspiring fusillade of cheers and counter-cheers filled the House.

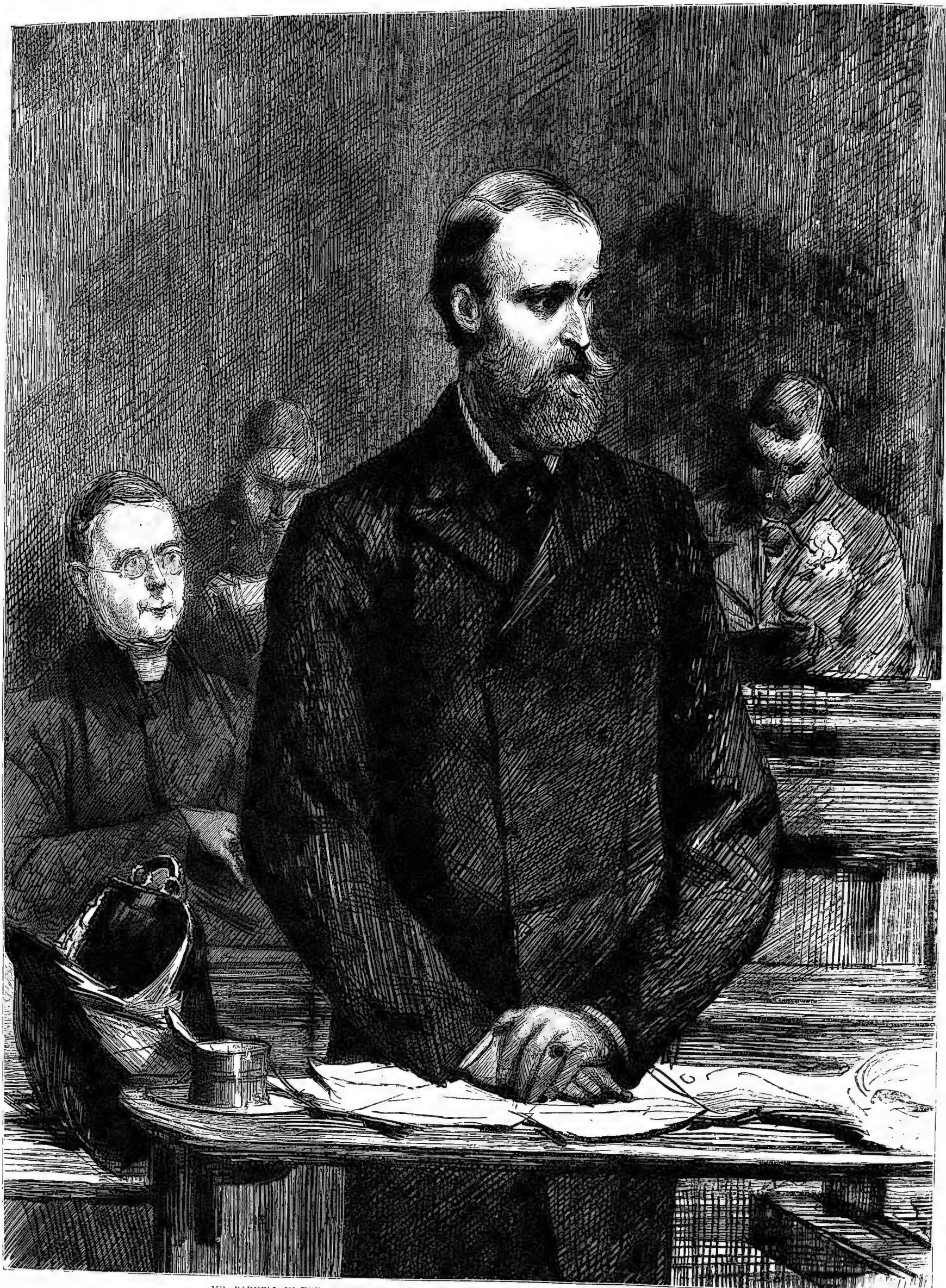
Mr. Balfour unintentionally gave immense delight to the opposition by stumbling on the phrase that Ireland was "practically in a state of revolution." This, as being hard to reconcile with the position sturdily and steadily assumed by him, namely, that a firm hand has restored peace and prosperity to Ireland, was seized upon with avidity by Sir William Harcourt, who consoled with "the Minister who had pacified Ireland" on this sad condition of affairs. Mr. Balfour endeavoured to limit his description by explaining that when he said "the country was practically in a state of revolution" he meant the barony of Donegal was so disturbed. But the Opposition would not permit themselves to be dispossessed of so toothsome a morsel, which was munched till, in the division lobby, the Government were cheered by another majority of a trifle over a hundred.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Dixon-Hartland brought in a Bill proposing to transfer the control of London theatres to the Home Office, but met with so little encouragement that he did not go to a division, the motion for the second reading being negatived. A more animated debate took place on another Bill, brought in by Mr. Milvain, to extend flogging to armed burglars and others. On a division the Bill was read a second time by 194 votes against 126.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will to-day (Saturday) deliver judgment on the preliminary question raised as to the validity of his jurisdiction in the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln.

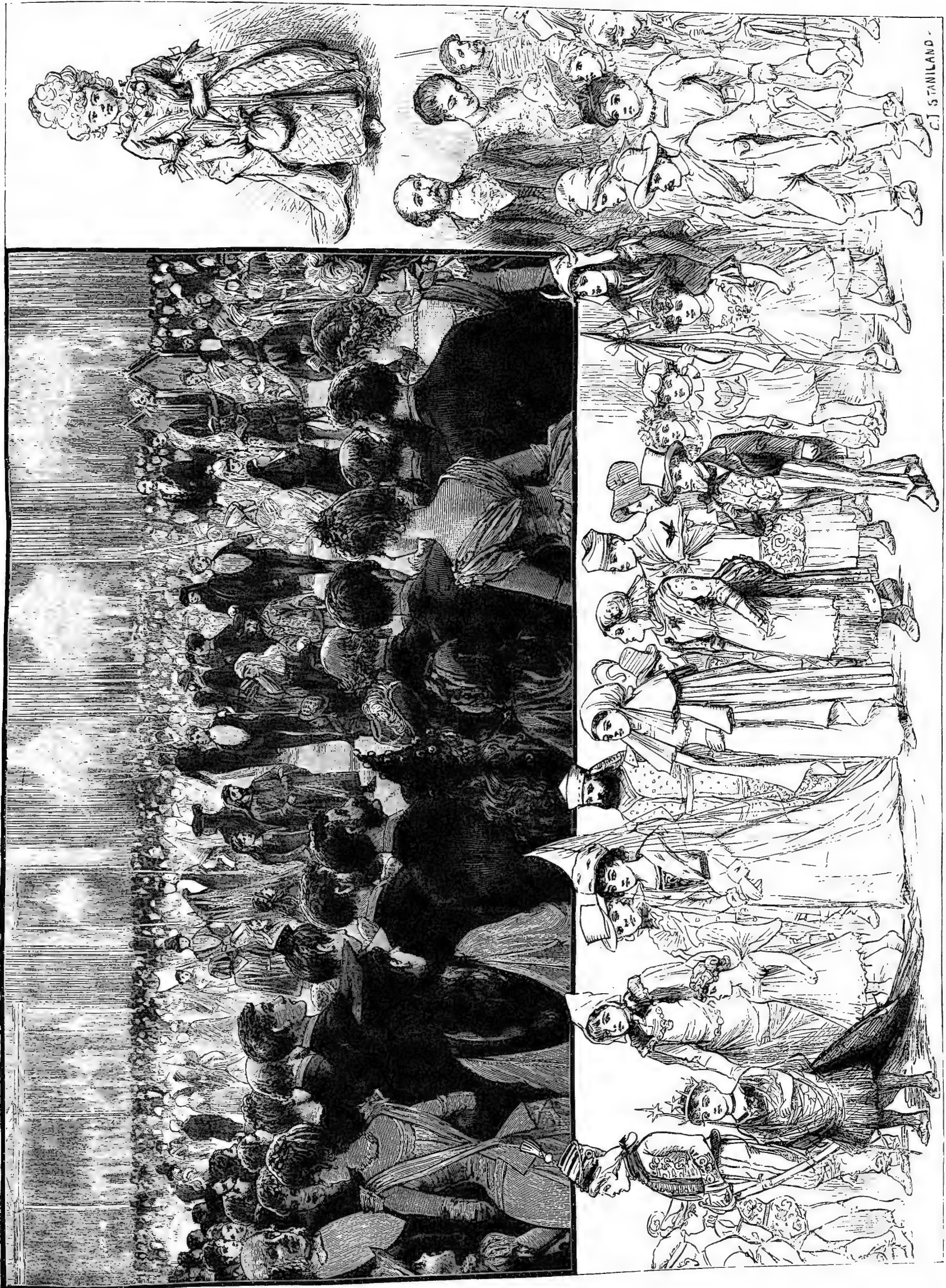
MAY MEETINGS.—Lord Harrowby presided at the eighty-fifth anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the financial statement read at which showed a diminution both in circulation and receipts compared with the previous year; that in the receipts being accounted for by a falling off in the amount of legacies. One of the principal speakers was Sir Richard Temple, who promised a favourable reception of translations of the Bible among Mohammedan and Buddhist populations, and who pronounced the work of Christian missions in India to be a "grand and magnificent success."—At the ninetieth annual meeting of the Religious Tract Society, the Bishop of Bedford presiding, it was stated that it had issued during the past year no fewer than twenty-five millions of tracts. The total expenditure in both trade and grant departments had been 199,931*l.*, leaving a balance of 1,950*l.* in favour of the Society.—The Bishop of London, speaking at the seventy-first annual meeting of the British and Foreign Tract Society, the Lord Mayor in the chair, said that during the past year more than half a million of seamen had benefited by it. The Society has never been in so flourishing a condition as now.—The Lord Mayor, presiding at the eleventh annual meeting of the Church of England Bazaar, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association, said that the example of the rich in moderating the display connected with funerals would exercise a greater influence for good in the direction of the objects of the Society than all the abstract resolutions which could be passed at such meetings.—At the annual meeting this week of the Church Association, the chairman, Captain Cobham, dilated on



MR. PARNELL IN THE WITNESS-BOX DURING HIS CROSS-EXAMINATION BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

FROM A SKETCH IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



C. J. STANILAND

A MAY JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL GIVEN BY THE LADY MAYORESS AT THE MANSION HOUSE
THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION

the importance of the principles involved in the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, and in the Rerefos suit. Unless, he said, the contest in which they were engaged were fought out to the end, either the country would be brought again under the dominion of Rome or the Church would be disestablished.—The fifty-seventh annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales was held on Monday, when the Rev. Thomas Green, of Ashton-under-Lyne, was elected Chairman for the ensuing year. The autumnal session of the Union this year is to be held at Hull.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of London is issuing a Commission to report on a proposal to unite the Rectory of All Hallows, Lombard Street, St. Benet, Gracechurch Street, St. Leonard, Eastcheap, and St. Dionis, Backchurch, and the Rectory of St. Edmund the King with St. Nicholas Acons.—The memorial stone of St. Thomas's Church, Kensal Town, will be laid next Wednesday, the 15th inst., by the Princess Christian. An inaccurate announcement in a contemporary led to a mention, in a recent issue, of the ceremony as having already taken place.—Cleveland Hall, an old Secularist place of meeting near the Portland Road Station, has been adapted by the West Central Mission for devotional, recreative, and educational purposes.—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Hamilton, editor of the *Belfast Witness*, the organ of the Irish Presbyterians, succeeds the late Rev. Dr. Porter as President of Queen's College, Belfast.



POLITICAL.—Lord Derby delivered one of his sensible speeches, chiefly on the Irish Question, at a dinner given him on Tuesday by the Liberal Union Club, the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton, presiding. He made a very telling point when, referring to the assertion that the Irish Nationalists are now reconciled to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament in the event of Home Rule being granted, he quoted from a speech of only about a fortnight ago by Mr. John Redmond, whom he called "a very fair representative of the Irish Nationalist members," and who had said, "Ireland, marked out as she was from the very first by the finger of Omnipotence as a separate and distinct nation, had all the attributes of a nation long before the Norman Invasion, and from the date of the Norman Invasion to this moment there has been, age after age, one long and continuous struggle between this national sentiment and overwhelming odds." Language like this, and that which followed it, Lord Derby said, meant separation. Passing to the procedure of the English allies of the Home Rulers, he said that never till now had obstruction been avowed as the policy of a great English Parliamentary party, and, quoting Mr. Labouchere's declaration that he would steadily and systematically obstruct public business until the Government dissolved a Parliament not three years old, he called such a policy a declaration of war, not against the present Cabinet, but against Parliamentary government as an institution, adding that, after a few years of such a régime as Mr. Labouchere threatened us with, we should be ready for an English Boulanger. Lord Derby concluded an excellent speech by declaring that he was not afraid of foreign war. "No English statesman," he said emphatically, "would be insane enough willingly to add difficulties abroad to difficulties at home."—At a meeting on Tuesday of the Organising Council of the Liberal Unionist party, Lord Stalbridge presiding, one of the resolutions adopted recommended that where a special and complete Liberal Unionist registration is not feasible the Liberal Unionists should avail themselves for registration purposes of the co-operation of the local Conservative Association.—Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty, has been presented at a complimentary banquet with a handsome service of plate by members of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations in recognition of his services during his three years' Chairmanship of that body.—Addressing a meeting of Gladstonians at Limehouse, Lord Ripon expressed the opinion, founded on personal inquiries into the condition of the people of the East End, that when the Irish Question was out of the way the next one with which Parliament would have to deal was the London question. He thought that ground-rents ought to be taxed, and that before long the poor rates of the different districts of the metropolis might be made more equal.

LORD ROTHSCHILD has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, in succession to the late Duke of Buckingham.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, at its meeting on Tuesday, after considerable discussion, decided by a majority of 25, 63 votes against 38, that the Deputy-Chairman, Mr. Firth, should receive for his services a salary of 2,000*l.* a year.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS have been already raised by a Committee of Unionist M.P.'s to assist Mr. Olphert of Gweedore in his struggle against the Plan of Campaign and the tyranny of the National League. 1,500*l.* represents a year's rental, and the Committee reckon on being able to furnish him with the same amount of help, if he should need it, during five successive years.

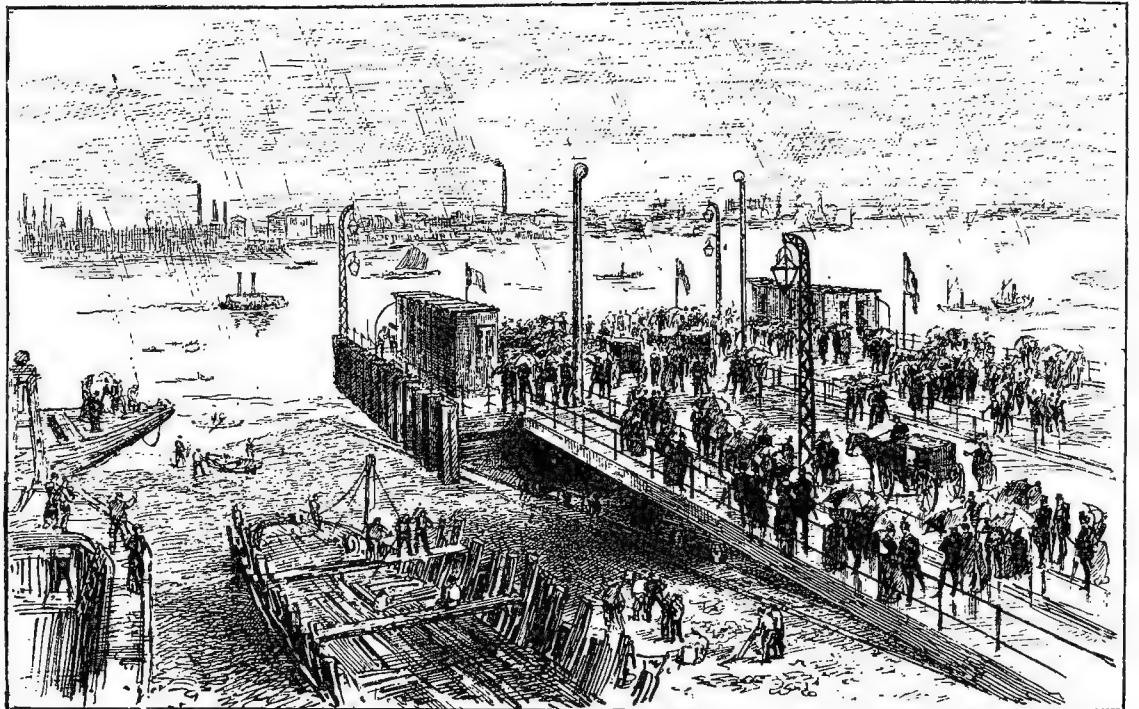
MISCELLANEOUS.—At the Royal Academy banquet, given as usual before the opening of the summer exhibition, Lord Salisbury made the welcome announcement that a munificent gentleman who wished his name to remain unknown had offered to build at his own expense, within a reasonable distance of Charing Cross, an adequate gallery for the fine collection of National Portraits now without a permanent home. The condition attached to the gift was that the Government should provide a site, and this, the Premier said, "I believe we are able to do."—The site of Millbank Prison has, it is said, been offered by the Government to the London County Council for the erection of working men's dwellings.—30,000*l.* have been subscribed to the Mansion House China Famine Relief Fund, which is now closed.—The Hospital Saturday Fund shows an increase this year of about 500*l.*, both on the workshop and street collections, when compared with those of previous years. The sum of 10,000*l.* has been divided among the participating institutions.—A fire which broke out early on Monday morning destroyed the City Soap Works in Cripplegate, about 100 feet by 60 feet in dimensions, and damaged more or less severely some twenty-two other warehouses in the adjoining Milton Street and Moore Lane.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in the seventy-third year, of Lady Charlotte Augusta, sister of the sixth Duke of Athole; in his forty-first year, at Natal, whither he went with a view to starting business there, of Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the Duke of Argyll, and a member of the London Stock Exchange; of Dr. Andrew Higgins, since 1882 Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, who discountenanced in his Diocese the doings of the National League; in his forty-eighth year, of Mr. John Slagg, well known as a Liberal M.P. for Manchester from 1880 until 1885, when he was defeated, who had been President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and an administrator of the Suez Canal; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. William Wells, M.P. for Beverley, 1851-6, and for Peterborough, 1868-74, one of the oldest members of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, and as a practical agriculturist specially notable in connection with the reclamation of Whitlessa Mere; in his sixtieth year, of Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright, great-grandson of the celebrated Richard Arkwright (the inventor of spinning by rollers, not of the spinning jenny, as erroneously stated in the obituary of the *Times*), and for a

quarter of a century closely identified with the management of the Essex Hounds; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. Robert Damon, the well-known and far-travelled geologist and naturalist, author of an excellent work on the "Geology of Weymouth and the Isle of Portland"; of Dr. Robert McDonnell, the eminent Dublin surgeon; in land; in his eighty-ninth year, of Mr. John Thomas Crossley, favourite pupil of Joseph Lancaster, the educationist, afterwards as the successful Master of the Model School of the British and Foreign School Society in the Borough Road and otherwise, an energetic pioneer in the work of public education; in his seventy-second year, of the Rev. William Knight, Senior Rector of Tiverton, from 1856 to 1862 co-secretary with the Rev. Henry Venn of the Church Missionary Society; and, in his fifty-seventh year, suddenly, of Mr. Ince, O.C., who represented Hastings, 1883-85, and Islington, 1885-6.

THE NEW FERRY AT GREENWICH

ON Thursday, May 2nd, the new passenger and vehicular ferry, provided by the Greenwich Ferry Company, between Greenwich and the Isle of Dogs, was opened by the Earl of Lathom (Lord Chamberlain) in the absence through indisposition of the Duke of Westminster. A large company of guests assembled to witness the opening ceremony, but, unfortunately, the proceedings were greatly marred by frequent very heavy showers of rain. The present scheme has been in actual progress for the last two years, the total cost being upwards of 100,000*l.* The absolute necessity for such an enterprise is obvious, as there is no means of crossing east of London Bridge, and the whole of the heavy traffic from the factories, works, docks and arsenals on either side has to take that route, involving in the case of traffic from one side of the ferry to the other a journey of some seventeen miles. It is intended to start from each side twice every quarter of an hour in all weathers, and to carry, not only passengers, but horses and vehicles, including, if necessary, trams, and even railway carriages. For this new transport system the Greenwich Ferry Company have constructed two vessels, forty-four feet in beam and 120 feet long. Each has two screw propellers, and steering gear at each end, so that they can run to and fro without turning. The hulls are constructed in water-tight compartments with centrifugal pumps, by means of



which they can be rapidly filled or emptied, so as to trim the vessel to any load that may be run on to them. The heaviest vehicle can thus be placed at either side or at either end, and the balance of the boat may be almost instantly adjusted. Electric lighting is provided throughout the boats on deck and below. Provision is also made for paying out a thin steel cable whenever foggy weather is to be apprehended. This will serve as a guide rope, affording the means of making the passage at times when it would otherwise be impracticable. On each shore a solid concrete slope, with an incline of one in ten, has been run out into the bed of the river. Rails have been laid on this slope, and on these rails will run up and down three huge pontoons. As the tide runs out all of them will be gradually lowered down the slope, and as it comes in again they will be hauled up to shore. At high-water the ferry-boat will run alongside just as at an ordinary landing-stage, and vehicles, horses, and pedestrians will cross the pontoons into the street. At low water the transfer from the boat to the pontoons will be effected in precisely the same way, but the pontoons and their burden will be hauled up to shore by powerful winding-engines. The fare across from side to side will be a penny each passenger, and for vehicles the tariff will probably come to about sixpence a horse. The guests were treated to a short cruise on the river on the opening day. When the work is fully matured, it is estimated that the trip across will be made in from three to five minutes. Mr. G. J. Cross is the managing director.

THE NEW GALLERY

THE present summer exhibition at this gallery is larger than the first, an additional room having been recently constructed. Sir John Millais contributes nothing, and Mr. Burne Jones only preliminary studies for pictures that have already been exhibited, but nearly all the other artists whose works gave distinction to last year's display are again well represented. The best qualities of Mr. Alma Tadema's art are seen in four pictures hung together in the West room. The very small "A Favourite Author," though rather less interesting than his picture at the Academy, is admirable for its classic grace of design, its delicate modulations of light and colour, and finished beauty of workmanship. His head of "M. de Soria" is a good rendering of individual character, and his half-length of "Mrs. F. D. Millet" is an excellent example of refined female portraiture—the best work of the kind, perhaps, that he has produced. Close by this hangs the first in date of production of several pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts, "The Wounded Ileron," which was exhibited in 1837. It is interesting to compare this work, so firm in line, so careful and complete in its rendering of tint and texture, with his recently-finished and very fanciful picture,

"Good Luck to Your Fishing." The figure of the winged Cupid hovering over the sea, though undefined in form, is grand in style, and shows a fine feeling for childish beauty and grace of movement. The largest work by him, and infinitely the best, is the large "Fata Morgana," suggested by Boiardo's poem. It is a fine example of his mature art, resembling the work of the great Venetian masters in its decorative harmony of composition and subdued splendour of colour. The female intended to typify Opportunity playfully eluding the grasp of her pursuer, has beauty of form, dignity, and grace of movement. The drapery that conceals the lower limbs has been recently repainted, and the new work does not quite harmonise with the old.

Mr. H. H. La Thangue's life-sized portrait of "Mrs. Tom Mitchell," seated in a drawing-room, arrests attention by its surprising cleverness and its eccentricity. The figure, regarded apart from its surroundings, leaves little to be desired. The pose is graceful, the expressive face finely modelled, and the treatment of the costume artistic. There is, however, no subordination in the picture, and no keeping. The numerous still-life objects—even the most distant—are painted with realistic force, and with remarkable breadth and firm dexterity of touch, but they seem to have been arranged without any regard to balance of light and shade and composition. Near it hangs a charming portrait of "Hannah," daughter of W. S. Caine, M.P., by Mr. E. A. Ward, remarkable for its fine pictorial qualities, as well as for the admirable rendering of the expressive face, and the simple, unconscious grace of the youthful figure. The local tints in the costume, the background, and well-chosen accessories, are of exquisite quality, and admirably arranged with a view to general harmony of effect. Mr. Ward's keen perception of character, and his happy faculty of seizing habitual, and sometimes transitory, phases of expression and gesture, are seen in several small portraits. Those of "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain" and "Edmund Routledge, Esq.," are excellent examples of his work. Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Portrait of Mrs. Buxton" has distinction of style and complete modelling of form, but the colour is monotonous and opaque.

The Hon. John Collier's large portrait group, "Mrs. Harold Roller and Joyce Collier," is infinitely the best work of the kind that we have seen by him. It is refined in style, harmonious in colour and composition, and painted with well-restrained strength and firmness. If Mr. J. S. Sargent, in his life-sized portrait of "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," has aimed above all things

at effectiveness and force, he has succeeded in his purpose. That the effect of colour, though very striking, is discordant, arises, not from the want of a carefully considered scheme, but from the harsh and strangely unpleasant quality of the local tints, especially in the intensely blue background, and the metallic green drapery. Although it cannot be regarded with entire satisfaction, the picture shows a great amount of artistic power. There is dignity in the action of the figure, and tragic intensity in the expression of the face.

A large imaginative picture, "Neptune," by Mr. C. N. Kennedy, though faulty in many ways, is original in conception and refreshingly unconventional in treatment. The sea-god brandishing an absurdly small trident, with Amphitrite by his side—each seated on a winged sea-monster, rapidly rushing through the waves—is vigorous in action and instinct with vitality. The picture is full of light, air, and movement. The figures are well-designed, and the flesh-painting excellent. Mr. J. T. Nettle's life-sized picture of a polar bear stretched on an iceberg is a remarkably good work, large in style and impressive. The examples of sculpture are not very numerous. They include a gigantic and curiously grotesque bronze "Head of Pan," by Professor Legros; a replica of Mr. Watts's "Clytie," and a capital portrait bust by Mr. E. Onslow Ford. A comparatively unknown artist, Mr. R. A. Ledward, shows a great deal of technical accomplishment and a true sense of style in a bust rather larger than life called, "A Young Mother." The finely posed and expressive head has beauty of a noble type, and is finely modelled. Mr. Everett Millais' large model of "A Champion Bloodhound" well deserves notice; so also does a characteristic and animated head of "A Boy," in bronze, by Mr. Walter Maclaren.



THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.—The Attorney-General's cross-examination of Mr. Parnell was continued on Thursday and Friday of last week, and on Tuesday in this week. An interesting fact was disclosed at one of its early stages respecting the famous speech at Cincinnati. As was reported in our last issue, Mr. Parnell said that the alleged reference in it to his wish to sever the last link which bound Ireland to England was to be found in the *Irish World* published at New York, but was not in the report of his speech in a particular Cincinnati paper published the morning after its delivery

that he doubted whether he had made it. The Attorney-General, however, pointed out that the sentence which has been so often commented on was published, exactly as it was in the *Irish World*, in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* of the day after the speech was made. Much of the Attorney-General's stringent cross-examination was, as before, directed to elicit information as to Mr. Parnell's knowledge of the advocacy of physical force, and of the use of dynamite by men with whom he co-operated on both sides of the Atlantic, and, as before, the witness denied, with rare exceptions, all knowledge of it at the time of his active alliance with them. A striking portion of his cross-examination was that relating to his connection with the *Irishman*, which Mr. Parnell and his friends bought from Richard Pigott, and which continued for several years to be issued from the same office. Mr. Parnell's acknowledged organ, *United Ireland*. Some of the appeals to physical force having been quoted from its columns, Mr. Parnell admitted that they were "objectionable," but pleaded ignorance of their publication—saying that had he known at the time "the tendency of the paper," he, as a shareholder, would have interfered, whereupon the President quietly interposed the remark, "The point is, Mr. Parnell, that this was your paper." One very curious incident in the proceedings was Mr. Parnell's admission, that when, in January, 1881, he declared in the House of Commons "Secret societies do not now exist in Ireland," he was very possibly "endeavouring to mislead the House." On Tuesday, however, after referring to Hansard, he explained that he must have had in view the decadence of the "Great Ribbon Organisation," which had become practically non-existent, and not that of the Fenians, which, at the time of making his speech, he knew had branches all over Ireland. On the same day, at 2.15 P.M., Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. Harrington, M.P., entered the Court. They were, of course, in custody, but their warders were invisible. Neither of them was in prison clothes, and both appeared in excellent health and spirits. Mr. O'Brien wore his beard and moustache, but Mr. Harrington was clean-shaven, and the absence of his heavy moustache considerably altered his appearance. It having been suggested that the Irish Parliamentary party accepted large sums collected by the *Irish World* after its editor, Patrick Ford, became a declared advocate of physical force, Sir Charles Russell read on Tuesday extracts from that journal in order to prove its utility to Mr. Parnell and his party as soon as its advocacy of violence became open and avowed. During Sir Charles's re-examination, the subject of the *Irishman* having cropped up, Mr. Parnell said that its circulation never exceeded 2,000 copies a week. "But, Mr. Parnell," the President, again interposing, remarked, "a circulation of even 2,000 or 3,000 copies a-week might do a great deal of mischief, if the matter contained in the paper were objectionable." The proceedings on Wednesday were rendered at one stage very lively by the Attorney-General's presentation of counterfoils of cheques produced by Mr. Parnell, and by his reading one or two of these, which showed that payments had been made to Curley and others for their sustenance as suspects in Kilmainham after the Phoenix Park murders. He proposed to delay dealing with them at present. Mr. Parnell complained that certain names had been selected out of a crowd, and asked for an immediate examination. Sir Charles Russell, echoing Mr. Parnell's complaint, was rather sharply rebuked by the President who, at the subsequent examination of Archbishop Walsh refused to admit as evidence the expression of that prelate's opinion as to the working of the Land League.

A LEATHER MERCHANT, trading as "Scherer and Co.," had judgment entered against him in the Clerkenwell County Court in June last year for 66*l.*, and paid that sum to the Registrar on July 2nd, following, but he did not "enter up satisfaction," a formality entailing a fee of 6*d.* Accordingly there appeared in *Kemp's Mercantile Gazette*, under the heading of "County Court Judgments," this entry, "Scherer, S., and Co., High Holborn, 66*l.*, June 4." This was copied into the *Leather Trades' Circular* of July 10th, and Mr. Scherer brought an action for libel against its proprietor, contending that the statement implied that the judgment had not been satisfied, and was calculated to injure his credit. No evidence was adduced to show that this had happened, and it was proved that the defendant had offered to insert an apology to be worded by the plaintiff, who, however, refused to accept it in full satisfaction. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury, who returned a verdict for the defendant.

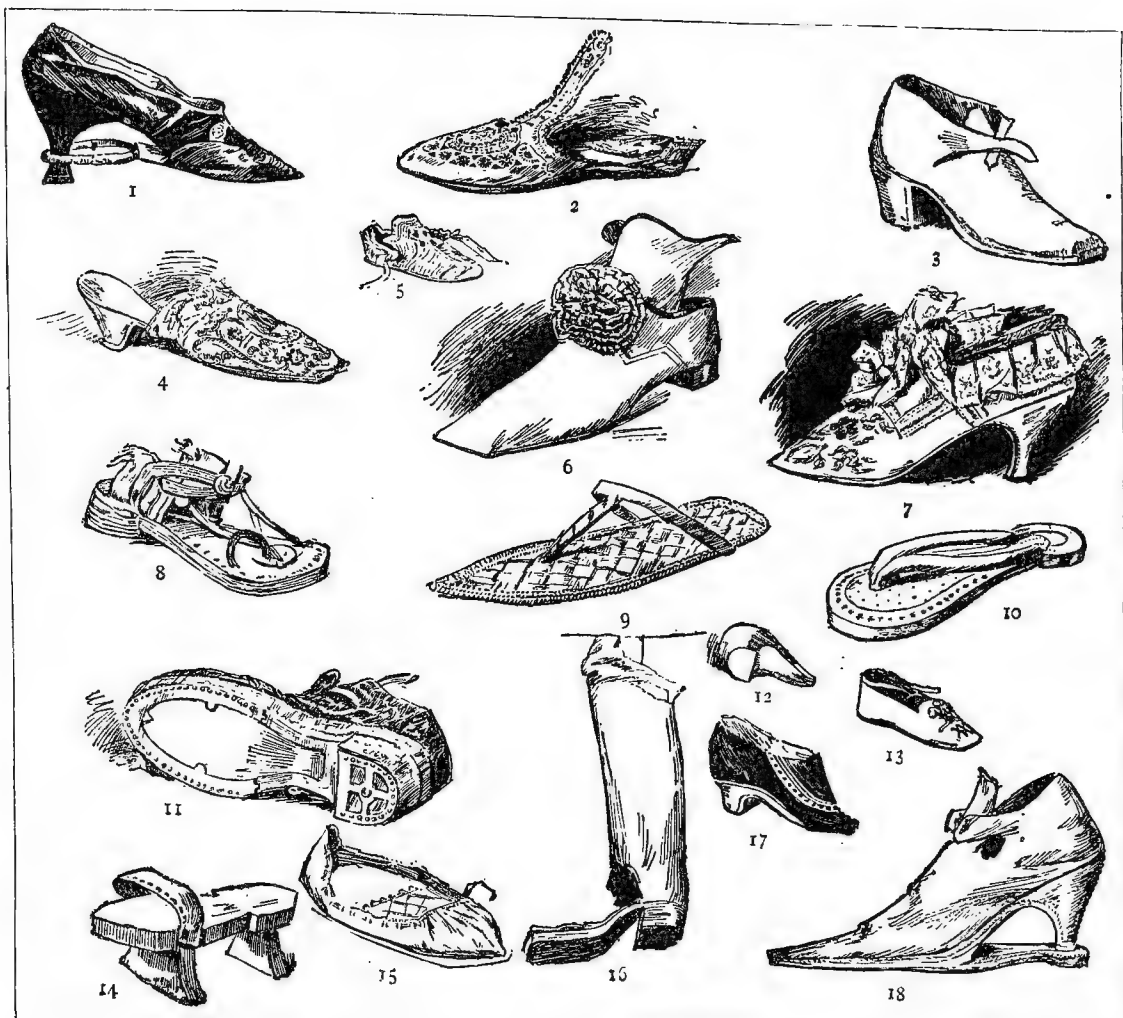
A MONITION TO THE PUBLIC was conveyed during the trial this week at the Central Criminal Court of a young man, named Porter, who applied his considerable skill as a designer and draughtsman to converting two-shilling into ten-shilling postal orders, and then obtaining the forged amounts from unwary tradesmen. The fraud was at once detected at the post office by the watermark on which the true amount is indicated, and this can be at any time ascertained by holding up the order to the light. Porter was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

NOTINGS.—Mr. Gilbert G. Kennedy, Recorder of Grantham, who has had an extensive criminal practice, has been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate, in the room of Mr. Chance, resigned; and Mr. Haden Corser, Recorder of Wenlock, who in 1866 as a Unionist contested Stoke-upon-Trent, has also been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate, in the room of Mr. Barstow, resigned. Two Recorderships are thus vacant.—A supposed right of pauperism as contended for by an inmate of Chelsea Workhouse gave the Westminster police magistrate some trouble. The pauper had been ordered to take carpets from Chelsea to Battersea, and beat them on a ground there used for that purpose. When charged in Court for disobedience, he maintained that the parochial authorities could not legally send him out of the workhouse to beat carpets in another parish. The magistrate said that as this was the first time in his experience that the point had been raised, he had gone carefully into the Acts of Parliament from the time of Elizabeth downwards. The result of his researches was to convince him that the prisoner was wrong, and that those who received parish relief might be compelled to do any labour which was suitable and reasonable.—A father who refused, after being repeatedly asked, to have his children vaccinated, pleaded when summoned at the Guildhall that he himself having been nearly blinded through vaccination did not wish his offspring to suffer in like manner. Mr. Alderman Tyler said that he was there merely to administer the law, and imposed a fine of 20*s.* in each case, with costs.

ANCIENT SHOES

AN interesting exhibition of antique and historical footgear has been organised by Mr. Joseph Box, at 187, Regent Street. There are 212 exhibits, which range from the velvet broad-toed shoe of the early Tudor period, down to the tiny slipper once worn by Prince Albert Victor, and include good solid jack-boots of the Cromwellian age, the curiously-peaked shoes of the time of Richard II., and a host of strange shoes from China, India, Turkey, Armenia, Norway, &c. Of those of historical interest may be mentioned the snowshoes worn by Sir John Franklin on his Arctic Expedition, Hogarth's shoon, the Claimant's "last," and a shoe once worn by the Duchesse de Longueville, only three inches long. We illustrate some of the most noteworthy exhibits. Of these, No. 1 represents a black morocco shoe, slashed and embroidered on the toe, bound red, and worn by Mrs. Geldart, of Biggin Grange,

about 1750. No. 2 represents a stamped leather shoe with a peculiar device in three places. This shoe was purchased at the sale of the effects of the late Duke of Sussex, who died in 1843, and who left behind a memorandum testifying to its authenticity. No. 3 shows a lady's walking-shoe, of the time of Charles I., made of common leather, square toes, and buckle flaps, which were in all probability worn with silver buckles. Next come one of a pair of shoes belonging to Queen Elizabeth. These are of white satin, richly embroidered in silk and gold. The design includes birds and



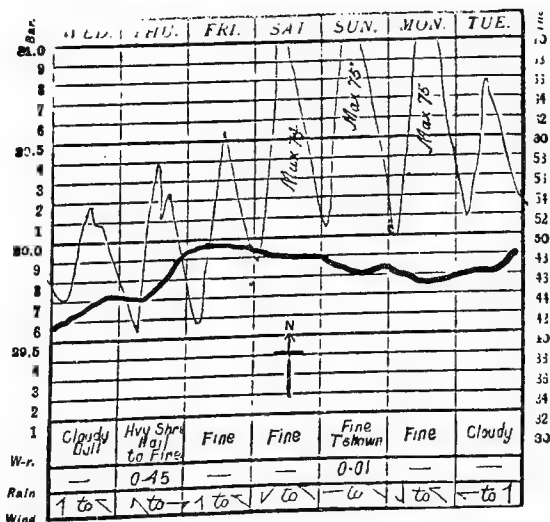
1. A Black Morocco Shoe, slashed and embroidered on toe, bound red, worn about 1750 by Mrs. Geldart.
2. Mary Queen of Scots' Shoe.
3. Lady's Walking Shoe, time of Charles I.
4. Queen Elizabeth's Shoe.
5. First Shoe worn by George III.
6. Coronation Shoe worn by King William IV.
7. Miss Langley's Shoe (temp. Charles II.).
8. A Roman Sandal.
9. Antique Egyptian Sandal.
10. Armenian Sandal.

11. Crimson Velvet Buckle Shoe, said to have been worn by Henry VIII. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
12. Heel used by Chinese ladies in the manufacture of their own shoes.
13. Shoe made for Prince Albert Victor.
14. Sandal Clog worn by a Samaritan High Priest, said to be very ancient, from Palestine.
15. Indian Shoe, made of Elk Skin.
16. A Jack Boot of the time of Cromwell.
17. A Chinese Lady's Shoe.
18. A Shoe worn by Mary of Lorraine, Mother of Mary Queen of Scots.

flowers, the heels are covered with satin, and the lining is red. They were given by Queen Elizabeth to her cousin, Katherine Tudor, of Beven, on her marriage to Sir Richard Clough. In No. 5 is one of the first shoes worn by George III., and then comes the coronation shoe of William IV. It was made of white kid, lined with rose-coloured kid and silk, red-stitched heel, and large red rosette. Miss Langley's shoe (No. 7) is made of pale silk, and beautifully embroidered, and may be considered a masterpiece for the time. The lace is of an intricate pattern, and delicate as a spider's web. The instep is ornamented by a single pearl. In No. 8 we go still further back into history. This sandal was found during some excavations near Twickenham. The straps are curiously ornamented with metal. A curious relic is shown in No. 11—a crimson velvet buckle shoe, said to have been worn by Henry VIII. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The soles are shod with wrought iron, and curiously hinged at the joint. The clogs in No. 14 come from Nablos (Shechem), Palestine, and were worn by the Samaritan High Priest after performing his ablutions before ministering in the Synagogue. That depicted in No. 15 was worked by an Indian chieftainess. The jack boot illustrated is one of a pair which have been hanging in the Banqueting Hall of Ockwell Manor House, and are said to have been left behind after the place was sacked by Cromwell. The Chinese lady's shoe was worn by a lady in the late Ambassador's suite; and, lastly, the shoe belonging to Mary of Lorraine, the mother of Mary Queen of Scots is made of brown natural-coloured leather, with two perforated side-flaps and centre-thong, which overlapped when worn, and were connected by a lace. The toe is long and square, resembling a duck's bill, and is slightly polished. The soles are two in number beneath the instep and the heel, forming a kind of pattern. This shape of shoe was peculiar to the sixteenth century, and seems to have been adopted by the Guise family.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (7th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the past week the weather has continued in a rainy and unsettled condition in the West and North, but elsewhere a very material improvement set in after the first day or two, and fine bright warm weather prevailed. Pressure was highest in the extreme North-East, and, broadly speaking, lowest in the West. The winds blew chiefly from between South-East or South-West, and occasionally reached slight gale force in the extreme East or South-West, but was mostly cloudy, or dull in Scotland and Ireland, with frequent heavy falls of rain in those regions. Elsewhere, however, fine bright weather prevailed with slight showers, while eventually extremely fine, dry, and skies alternated with slight showers, while eventually extremely fine, dry, and very warm weather prevailed in many parts of England. The lowest night temperatures of the week have been about normal, but the highest daily maxima have been from 12° to 15° above the average over the inland parts of England.

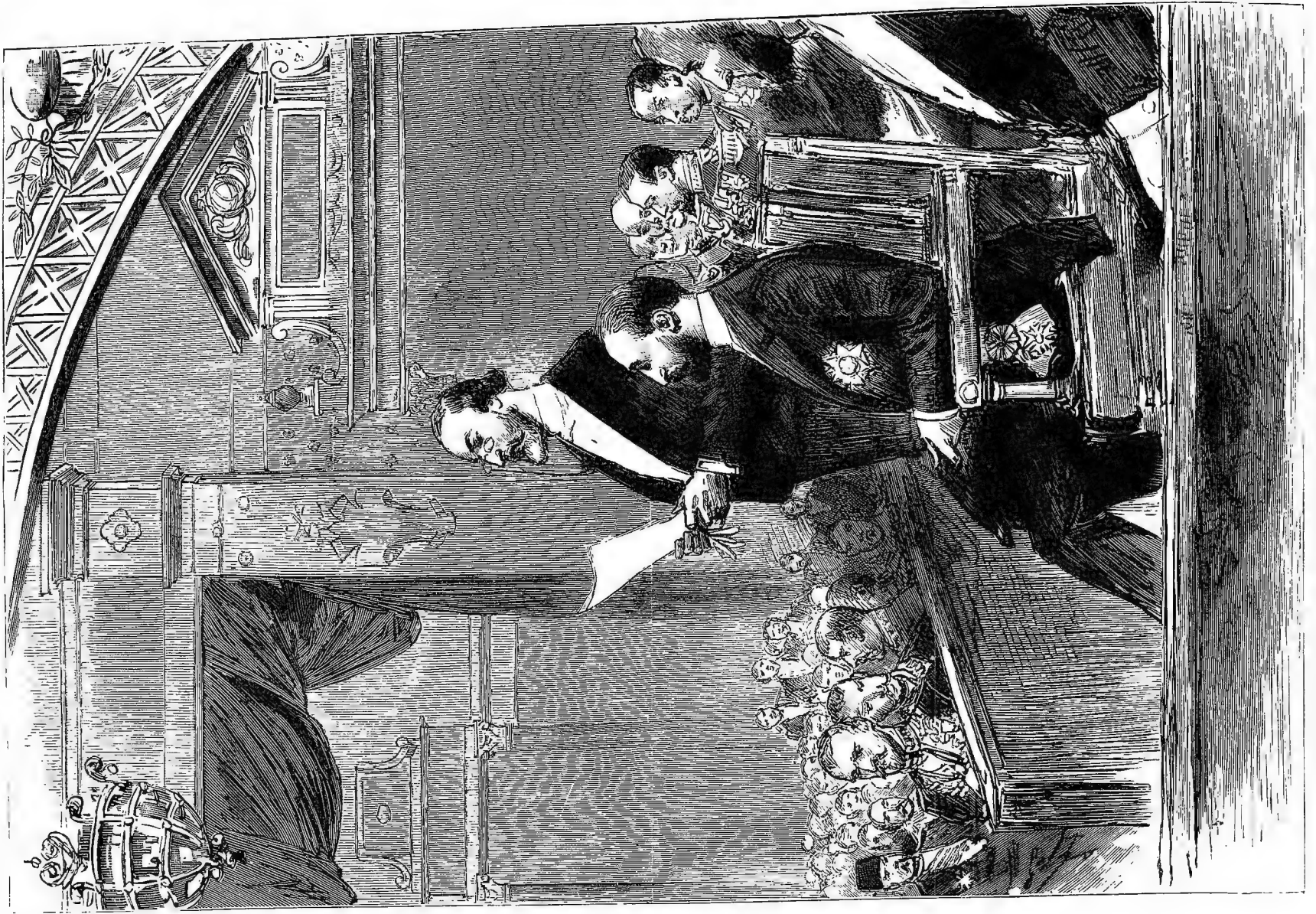
In London the barometer was highest (29.99 inches) on Friday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.73 inches) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range 0.26 inch.

The temperature was highest (75°) on Sunday and Monday (5th and 6th inst.); lowest (41°) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range 34°.

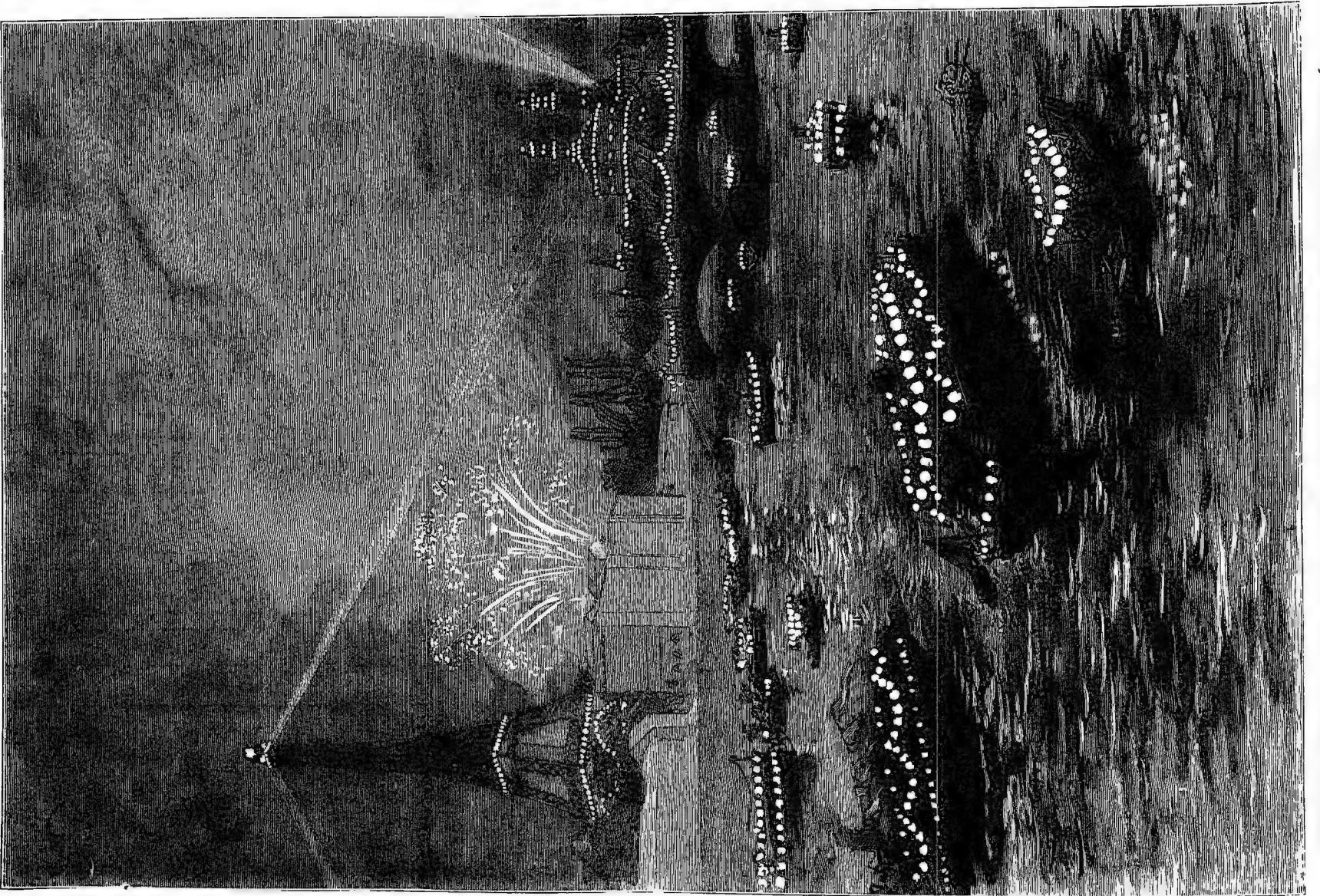
Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.46 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.45 inch on Thursday (2nd inst.).

JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

ON the evening of May 1st the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Whitehead) gave a juvenile fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House. The guests numbered nearly 1,000. The costumes of the children comprised forget-me-nots, buttercups and daisies, Little Lord Fauntleroy's, French fishwives, jockeys, Hamlets, gipsies, Spanish matadors, Pygmals and Galates, Mary Queen of Scots, May Queens, Dick Whittingtons, &c. After the reception there were various entertainments, but the most novel and interesting feature of the evening was an historical procession and quadrille, illustrative of costumes and characters (excluding Royal and political personages)

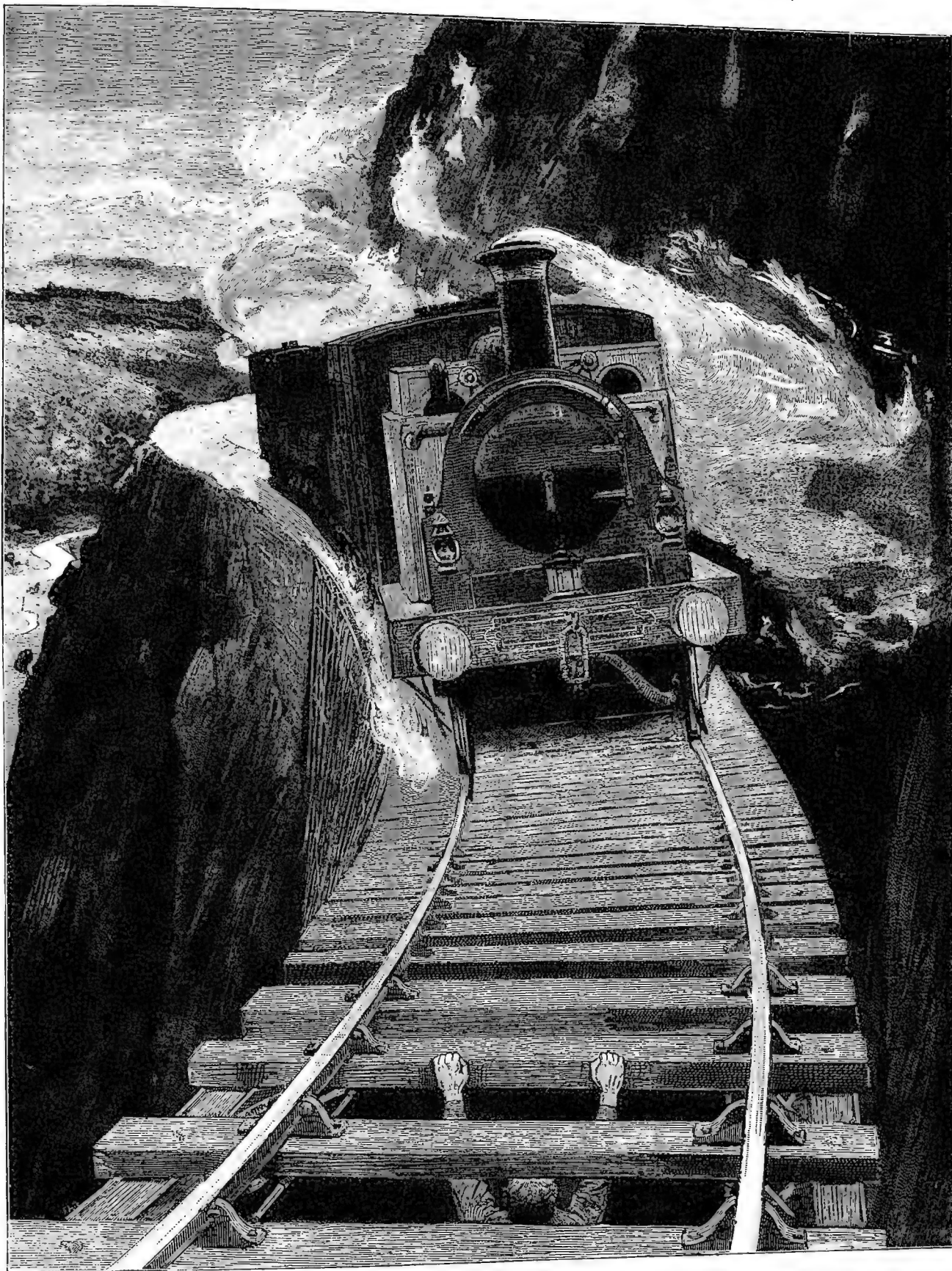


THE OPENING CEREMONY BY PRESIDENT CARNOT—M. TIRARD, READING HIS SPEECH
UNDER THE CENTRAL DOME OF THE EXHIBITION, MAY 6



VENETIAN FÊTE ON THE SEINE AND ILLUMINATION OF THE EIFFEL TOWER AND THE TROCADÉRO, MAY 6

THE PARIS EXHIBITION



There he hung, inert, between earth and sky, with one foot just poised against the elbow of the trestle-work, and the other dangling loose in empty space, and heard the great-iron horse dash puffing and panting across the long line of iron girders, in slow haste to destroy him.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

CHAPTER XXXVII.
PERIL

THE bridge proved harder by far to pass than Eustace had at all at first anticipated. It was one of those spider-like trestle structures with which Transatlantic engineers have made us so familiar; and its lightness and airiness were in American extremes. The ties stood open rather far apart; the gorge below yawned deep and rock-bound; and the distance bridged seemed out of all proportion to the actual size of the torrent stream, owing to the immense width and abrupt descent of the chasm-like valley. At every step along those open sleepers the Englishman's knees trembled under him. He dared not look down at the abyss below; he dared not look back at poor weary Meriem, for fear he should grow giddy and lose balance entirely. He could only walk on—walk on mechanically, planting one foot after another on the uncertain ties, and steadying himself as best he might with his arms spread out like an acrobat or a rope-dancer.

It would have been a ticklish task even at the best of times. With his numbed and weary limbs, after that long tramp, it was almost too much for him. He had got half-way over, however, in safety, when a strange, dull noise vibrating along the metals underfoot made him start and listen with vivid eagerness. Hark! what was that? The rails seemed to thrill with an indefinite hum. A

moment's suspense! Then he heard a voice calling to him aloud from the further bank.

"Eustace, Eustace!" the voice cried in agony. "It's coming! It's coming!"

He knew what that meant. He recognised his peril. It was Meriem crying aloud to warn him of his danger. With a thump of the heart he took it all in.

Oh God!—Oh, God! it was rushing down upon him resistlessly! No place to

"Oh God!—Oh, God! it was rushing down upon me now. No place to turn aside, to right or to left. Only the line itself, and the river beneath. He could hear the wild dash of the engine as it came roaring and thundering down that steep incline to the mountain river. He could hear the rattle and ring of the rails as they grated under the wheels. The brake was pressed hard. It thrilled and resounded along the trestles of the bridge. He realised the deadly peril in which he stood. But for one thing he was grateful. Thank heaven, he hadn't tried to take Meriem over with him!

At least, was safe from peril.

His first thought was to make a wild dash for it, and try to get to the other end of the long bridge before that rushing engine could reach and overtake him. But one second sufficed to show him how mad and hopeless was that wild plan; how impossible the chance of getting across before the engine bore him down. Only

one bid for life yet remained—for Meriem's sake, and the besieged in the mountains. Like a flash, the solution occurred to his quick mind. He must lower himself on his hands in the gap between the ties, hang on by his fingers as one hangs on to a trapeze, and let the engine and train pass bodily over him.

It was a bold idea, yet not wholly impracticable. For as soon as it had passed, he could raise himself up again on his elbows, like a gymnast, and continue his journey to the nearest station. But for the moment, dear life, was all he thought about.

Quick as thought, he lowered himself on his hands as steadily as he could manage; and placing one foot against an angle of the iron trestle-work at the side—the rod attachments were too thick and too big to climb by—clung with hooked fingers to the sleeper above in speechless suspense and quivering expectation. How long he might have to wait there he had no conception. But he waited for ages. Hours, days, years, seemed to pass slowly before that rushing engine, at full speed, rolled over his head with its rattling burden. There he hung, inert, between earth and sky, with one foot just poised against the elbow of the trestle-work, and the other dangling loose in empty space, and heard the great iron horse dash puffing and panting across the long line of iron girders, in slow haste to destroy him. Would he have nerve to cling on when once it got fairly overhead, he wondered? He hardly dared to hope it, his hands quivered and shook so much already. The mere physical jar

and concussion as the train passed by would perhaps suffice to loosen and shake off his tremulous fingers. Fatigue and hunger had unnerved him already: the ordeal was a harder one than his exhausted frame was then and there prepared to go through.

But Meriem at least was safe upon the bank! Thank Heaven for that. He had not foolishly and thoughtlessly imperilled Meriem.

Jar, jar, jar; how the girders rocked! The train was coming rolling and rattling on. It approached, it approached; nearer, nearer, nearer. He saw the lumbering engine pass slowly overhead. The boiler went over him, grate, grate. The funnel puffed and steamed and snorted. The fire glowed red above his face with a fierce hot glow. But still he held on, trembling, trembling violently. Great heavens, would the thing take all day to go past? Each instant seemed to lengthen itself out into an eternity!

A second's breathing space. The engine had passed him!

Then the tender went next, jar, jar, jar. And after it the carriages, with their unconscious living load of humanity, not one soul of whom knew how an unhappy fellow creature was hanging on below there for dear life with straining hands to the ties and sleepers. One, two, three, four of them, each jarring separately, and each almost shaking him from his insecure hold with those numbed dead fingers. A cattle truck next; two, three, four, five, six goods waggons. And then a pause. Eustace breathed again. Thank heaven, thank heaven, the jar was over. The train had passed. He might safely get up again.

But when he came to try, his cramped hands refused to raise their heavy burden. He hadn't purchase enough to pull himself up. He must wait for a few minutes and recover his strength. The nervous strain had unmanned him for the moment.

So he waited, waited; half fainting, but waited.

Another quick change! Great heavens, what was this? The jar ceased abruptly. The girders left off vibrating one moment. The train had stopped, before reaching the end! Something must have happened. Then, suddenly, the jolting began once more, but *in the opposite direction*. A horrible doubt appalled his mind. Next instant, the doubt resolved itself into a certainty. The engine was reversed! The train was coming back again!

Could he muster up strength to face it out? Could he ever hold on till it had reached once more the other side, numbed and cramped as he was already with his superhuman effort?

And even if it went back and passed him over unhurt, it must still go on a second time, and make its way finally to Bouira and Palaestro. Twice more of that speechless, indescribable suspense! Twice more of that horrible grating and jarring! He could never endure it. It would kill him with the uncertainty.

Back, back they came, all those same cruel carriages, in reversed order.

One, two, three, four, five, six—those were the goods wagons. He counted them all, wagon by wagon, a long age each, going slowly over again. Then the cattle-truck; he could hear the oxen in it. Then one, two, three, four—eastward they went again, those four passenger carriages. Jar, jar, jar, as they passed overhead; the grating this time far more deliberate and worse than ever. The tender rolled next, on slow, slow wheels; and now for the danger of dangers—the engine. That was worst of all, because of the heat and glare and blast of the furnace. If it halted over his head (and it was going very slow) the heat would torture him; it would be all up with him.

How instantaneous is thought; how swift; how indivisible! In that second of time between the tender and the boiler he caught himself speculating in his whirling brain why the train had turned back on the bridge at all, and how long it would wait before it went on again.

Then the boiler came, and with it oblivion.

All he knew clearly was that a dart of pain, presumably in the hand, was followed fast by a faint sensation of rushing air buoying him up all round—a sudden plunge, a thud, a stoppage. The universe seemed to reel and whirl around him. All else was blank. He had fallen insensible.

One spurt of boiling water from the engine as it passed had dropped accidentally on the hooked hand that barely clutched the rugged sleeper. That sudden throb of scalding pain made him relax his tenacious muscles instinctively. It was all up then. His hands let go. He had fallen on to the sandbank that bounded the river.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
WHY IT STOPPED

over his head in safety, and Eustace, when it had passed, might have summoned up his strength, by slow degrees, to raise himself on his elbows to the level of the bridge again. But what woman on earth could keep her presence of mind enough to obey a man's instructions at such a crisis? She only knew that Eustace was in danger—that she had sent him to his death—that for her sake he had gone—that at all hazards she must try to save him.

The horrible thing was deaf, and blind, and senseless, indeed, as it came roaring and rushing with lightning speed down that steep incline; but it had a man on board, no doubt; an infidel at the helm, but still a man who guided and directed it. She would throw herself in front of it and attract his attention. She would throw up her arms and beckon him to stop. He would pull up, perhaps, (if to pull up were possible), when he saw a woman on the line before him, waving her hands and shouting to him frantically.

For though she had never seen a train in her life before, she saw at a glance how it ran upon its rails, and took in, instinctively, the main manner of its external working.

Running backwards on the line before the advancing engine, she flung up her hands with all the energy of despair, and waved her white haik wildly in the breeze, to catch, if possible, the engine-driver's attention.

Nearer and ever nearer came that horrible thing, snorting steam from its uncouth mouth, and glowing in its front, like some living creature eager to swoop down upon her of set purpose, to crush and destroy her. But she had no thought for herself; she thought only of Eustace. It might knock her down and run over her lifeless body at its own fierce will, if only she could make it halt before it reached Eustace—Eustace, Eustace, oh Allah, Eustace! She ran backward, ever backward, without looking where she went, waving her hands wildly, and shouting in Kabyle, "Stop, stop, in Allah's name stop, for mercy!" till she almost reached the beginning of the bridge; where she would have fallen through the open spaces, or been crushed between the ties by the devouring engine.

But before she reached it, the unspeakable thing, now slackening its pace somewhat, as if in answer to her cries, was fairly upon her. No matter for that. She knew it was slackening! Then they saw her! They saw her! They meant to pull up! Perhaps the thing would stop before it reached Eustace.

"For Allah's sake, stop; for mercy, for mercy!"

Next instant, the buffer had struck her full on the bosom. She stumbled and fell. Lights danced before her sight. A terrible sense of a stunning blow overcame and sickened her. She closed her eyes wearily. And all was silence.

The driver of the morning train from Setif, looking ahead along the line as he turned that sharp corner before reaching the trestle bridge across the Isser, had been surprised to see a woman—*une indigène*—these natives are so foolish—running backward on the line, with her face towards the engine, and waving her hands frantically before her face, to stop him. "Tiens," he remarked with philosophic calm to his friend the stoker, "*voilà encore une de ces imbéciles qui désire se faire calandrer comme on calandre le linge chez la blanchisseuse*; and yet, if we run over her they'll start a *procès-verbal* against us, *par exemple*, for causing the death of a native by carelessness. Those idiots of lawyers!"

But he did his best, none the less, in his own interest, to avert a catastrophe. Those idiots of lawyers must be pacified somehow.

The train was rushing down the incline with all steam on, to mount the steep gradient on the other side, as it went towards Bouira; but the brake had been well in hand for the purpose of turning the sharp corner of the gorge in safety, and the engine-driver was therefore able to apply it in hot haste the moment he saw that mad Kabyle figure careering and gesticulating along the single line right in front of him. The man on the bridge he did not see; that dancing creature in the wild white robe distracted his attention from all else beyond for the first few seconds; and before he could recover his presence of mind sufficiently to grasp the whole situation at once, Eustace, letting himself down by his hands between the girders, had disappeared beneath the ties among the mazes of the trestle-work. However, the woman alone was well worth stopping for; those idiots of lawyers hold you guilty of contributory negligence, worse luck! if you don't pull up sharp even for a suicide. The driver put on the brake quick and hard; the hiss of it grated with jarring vibration all along the whole length of the bridge and the girders.

But it isn't so easy to stop a train, either, going full pelt, by steam and gravity, down a steep incline, with a bridge at the bottom. Before he had time to bring the engine fairly to a standstill, the buffers had hit that frantic Kabyle woman full on the breast, and the train had passed calmly and resistlessly on across the level of the bridge in front of her. It was only when they had almost reached the opposite side that the wheels with difficulty obeyed the brake, and pulled up sharp midway with a jar that grated hard through the long line of carriages.

A dozen heads peeped forth at once, inquisitive, from a dozen windows. "*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc?*" a dozen querulous voices exclaimed in concert in their highest key. And the guard, from his little perched box behind, responded cheerfully, "As far as I can see, Messieurs et Mesdames, there's no harm done! An incident of Algeria! We've run over an *indigène*!"

"Nothing wrong with the train, my dear," a reassuring papa, in a black skull-cap, withdrawing his head, remarked to a tremulous mamma huddled up in the corner. "*Pas de dérangement!*" The engine's all right. We've only stopped because we've had the misfortune to run over a stray Kabyle woman."

"*Pas plus que ça!*" Madame answered, consoled, and settled herself down comfortably once more in her rugs in the corner.

But in the roadway behind, Meriem lay stunned and bleeding on the line; and midway across the bridge, Eustace Le Marchant still clung with hooked hands for dear life to the sleepers beneath them.

"What to do?" the engine-driver murmured in doubt to his friend the stoker.

"Go back," the stoker answered, with glib suggestiveness, "and pick up the body. Strictly *en règle*. That satisfies the Court. It shows at least (sacred name of a dog!) you've done the best you could to avert an accident."

"You have reason, *mon vieux*," the engine-driver answered, slapping him on the back, and reversing his locomotive. "*Allons donc*, let us pick her up, as you say, for form's sake, this mangled-out Kabyle woman."

So they turned and went back to pick up Meriem.

And as they passed the spot where Eustace still clung with all his might to the hard angles of wood, three or four boiling drops from the waste-pipe, turned on by the reversal, happened to fall on his left knuckles, and finished the task of sending him to the bottom.

The little tragedy worked itself out in its own dim way, all unknown to the principal but unconscious actors.

So they picked up Meriem, a bleeding mass of limbs and clothes, and laid her with rough, unfeeling hands on the floor of an empty third-class carriage.

"*Tiens*," the passenger in the skull-cap remarked with animation to the guard as he passed, looking down into the sand at the bottom of the ravine. "Do you run over many of them here in this gorge? There's another *indigène* lying stiff and dead on the bank down yonder by the side of the torrent there." For Eustace's new suit of Kabyle costume had, of course, transformed him in outward appearance into a complete and very unmistakable Algerian native.

"*C'est vrai*," the guard answered, shading his eyes with his hand against the newly-risen sun, and casting a curious glance down the deep ravine. "But, thank heaven, we've nothing to do with *him*, at any rate, we others. We can tell the people at the station to fetch him along and make all inquiries. Her husband, no doubt! Tumbled over and killed. It was him, you may be sure, she was making such a fuss about. They trespass like cows on the line, these *indigènes*!"

And the incident being thus satisfactorily closed, the train steamed on gaily upon its way once more, with Meriem's body safely aboard, and arrived, to the stoker's conscious pride, only seven minutes behind the advertised time at Beni-Mansour Station.

"There's another of them lying dead in the gully down below," the engine-driver observed to the *chef de gare*, with a wave of his hand towards where Eustace lay huddled. "A monsieur in a first-class carriage detected him. You'd better tell the Sisters at the Home over yonder to send out a stretcher to bring him up, and get him laid out and buried decently."

For accidents *will* happen, even on the best-regulated French railways.

(To be continued)



"FOR THE RIGHT," by Karl Emil Franzos, "given in English" by Julie Sutter (1 vol.: James Clarke and Co.), has had the advantages of a preface by Mr. George Macdonald, who says, "I have seldom, if ever, read a work of fiction that moved me with so much admiration," and of an advertisement from the pen of Mr. Gladstone. And both preface and advertisement are amply deserved.

"For the Right" is so noble a work, both in idea and in execution, and from a dramatic as well as from a picturesque point of view, that to do it justice is a matter of unusual difficulty, especially after Mr. Macdonald's eloquent introduction, which renders almost any other criticism a superfluity. The central motive of the novel (the scene of which is laid in one of the least-known nooks of the Austrian Empire, and among one of its least-known races) is that blind passion for abstract and universal justice, and for getting the world right, which is often at the root of the defiance of order and authority, and mostly means dire tragedy for all concerned. We must own to sharing Mr. Macdonald's ignorance as to whether a Taras Barabola ever really became the terror of the Carpathians, doing all manner of violence and apparent evil in the spirit of a hero and a martyr. If there was ever so noble a brigand, inspired by such superhuman self-sacrifice, he has assuredly found from Herr Franzos the justice that he could not find upon earth; and if his portrait is pure fiction, one can only say that its imagination is among the finest achievements in literature. Reading work like this, free from all the conventionalities of current fiction, even from that "feminine interest," as the phrase is, which is supposed to be indispensable, is infinitely bracing against the pettinesses of the modern novel, with its substitution of sentimentalities for passion. "For the Right" belongs to the high regions of tragic drama; and yet is so full of plain and simple human nature that the most ordinary reader will soon lose consciousness of its superiority to common life, and of its unfamiliar conditions. We should regret exceedingly if we have said a word to imply that the novel will not be found as fascinating by the simplest readers as by the most critical—and perhaps by the former even more than by the latter.

Frances Mary Peard's "The Country Cousin" (Bentley and Son) is too thin in plot for its three volumes—indeed a much stronger hand is required to give fresh interest to its well-worn theme. It is of the matrimonial genus, the species being the case of the young woman who marries a devoted husband without sufficient love or sympathy on her side, is gradually taught to appreciate him, and to be proud of him, and finally gives him the heart, at the end of the third volume, which might just as well have been bestowed at the beginning of the first. Under these circumstances, it might be supposed that the experienced reader would be able to fill in the details for himself or herself. And such would be the case, were it not for a certain individuality about the heroine, which makes her more interesting, partly, perhaps, because more disagreeable, than most of her forerunners. No doubt the authoress imagined her clearly and strongly enough; and thus the novel is good enough to make one miss the strength of touch which would have converted a promising sketch into a portrait of value. As it is, one is conscious of labour without adequate result; but the novel must, none the less, be classed as above the average—at any rate of the matrimonial novel—as well as perfectly wholesome.

"Mrs. Severn," by Mary E. Carter (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), on the other hand, is a novel of which the execution is better than the idea—it is fairly well done, but scarcely worth doing. For one thing, the story is exceedingly unpleasant, excepting to persons who like to read about dipsomania for its own sake, on the principle of art for art, without concerning themselves about realism. The merit of the story is altogether due to the subordinate characters, especially to those who belong to the North Country, and provide the element of local colour. There seems to be something singularly easy about the faithful portraiture of persons in humble life born north of the Trent; it never fails to satisfy and to delight everybody who knows the reality at home. We never yet heard a North-country person find fault with a North-country character in fiction. Jersey also is well represented; so that there is plenty of local interest, if not much of any other.

"Dollars or Sense? a Tale of Everyday Life in England and America," by Arthur Louis (Ward, Lock, and Co.), is professedly an experiment. "The events," says Mr. Louis, "have actually happened, the characters are ordinary people. . . . Should their conversations prove dull, or wanting in depth, I can only regret the accuracy of my memory." We can most cordially assure him that we share in his regret, for his conversations, and his characters, and his incidents are as dull as ditch-water. However, tastes are various; and it may be that there are persons who will understand the regret with which, in his last chapter, he bids his *dramatis personæ* farewell. It would be scarcely credible that any one man should have had quite so many stupid acquaintances, were it not that every author of experience knows how certain of failure is the attempt to describe actual people as they really are. In fiction, at any rate, there is no room for the photographer, as no experiment was needed to prove.

"Herbert Severance," by M. French-Sheldon (1 vol.: Saxon and Co.), would be useful to exercise young French scholars in correcting elementary sentences, without subjecting them to the painful uncertainty whether a given phrase may not be right after all. A few random instances are "toute le monde est sage;" "boquet de corsage;" "aujourd'hui le audace;" "je n'ai saisi quoi;" "n'est pas?" "aujourd'hui;" "a tableaux vivant;" "pour passe le temps;" "à la outrance;" "le même chose;" "n'importe;" "bon nuit;" "pas elle faite;" "moi pardon;" "toute à fait." More advanced students of English might be set to construe the following—"Any man, no difference how debased, has moments when he naturally shrinks from putting a blot or exposing one already on the name of any woman. It is truly the sin of obliquity, which becomes gradually chronic, and a monstrous evil. Once the wrong is done, it can never, never be condoned." One sentence, however, may be

quoted with approval—"Affinities are bosh." And, be that sweeping judgment true or not of affinities, it is unquestionably true of this novel.

SOME PARISIAN BIBLIOPHILES

ABOUT half-way down the Passage Choiseul, on the right-hand side after entering it from the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, is a well-known and largely-patronised bookseller's shop, the favourite resort, from five to six in the afternoon, of the leading Paris bibliomaniacs, dropping in at intervals to indulge in half an hour's friendly gossip, and more especially to post themselves up in the latest fluctuations of the literary market. The proprietor of the establishment, a keen-eyed and sharp-witted Gascon, joins occasionally in the conversation; and, although by no means a proficient in book lore, is nevertheless so capable an authority, from a mercantile point of view, that his opinion as to the current value of any particular work is generally accepted as final.

The habitual frequenters of this "petite Bourse," as it is familiarly styled, include not only the "giant" collectors whose libraries are of world-wide repute, but also sundry neophytes, eagerly picking up scraps of information which may guide them in their search for rarities, and listening attentively to every oracular word that falls from the lips of their more experienced colleagues. Here the tyro is gradually initiated into the mysteries of "tall copies," "first issues," "vellum papers," and other indispensable requisites for the formation of a collection; and, by a diligent study of the art of book-binding, is soon able to distinguish the handiwork of a Derome or a Padeloup from that of their contemporaries, whether it bear the artist's signature or not.

I do not remember, on any of my visits to this pleasant lounge, to have met either of the two eminent bibliophiles, M. de Lacarelle or M. de Lignerolles, the latter of whom—alike remarkable for courtesy and erudition, and, moreover, possessor of one of the finest libraries in France—has been not inaptly designated the De Thou of his time. Of M. de Lacarelle—a judge of books from whose verdict there was no appeal, and who, I believe, died recently—the following anecdote has been related to me. His favourite binder was Bauzonnet, whose skill he appreciated so highly that he employed him exclusively, and never admitted the possibility of any comparison between his work and that of others. After Bauzonnet's death he had no choice left but to patronise the most competent substitute he could find; and, in order to satisfy himself on this head, distributed some half-a-dozen volumes to different binders, all of whom, anxious to obtain the great man's custom, did their very best to please him.

One of these, of good repute as a skilful workman, on bringing back the book entrusted to him, was requested by M. de Lacarelle to allow him to finish a letter before examining the newly-bound volume; and, while awaiting his employer's leisure, took up a copy of Villon's poems bearing the signature of Bauzonnet, which was lying on an adjoining table, and indulged in certain disparaging remarks sufficiently audible to reach the collector's ear. Irritated beyond measure by this flagrant want of tact, M. de Lacarelle restrained himself until the offender's bill had been paid and receipted; then, glancing contemptuously at the volume obsequiously handed to him by the binder, opened the window and threw it into the court-yard.

"Voilà, Monsieur, le cas que j'en fais," he said, coolly pointing to the door. "Si vous ne voulez pas le suivre, sortez!"

Among the regular frequenters of "la petite Bourse" may be mentioned M. de Tinan, the owner of unrivalled Elzevirs, M. Bauchart, the indefatigable collector of early Gallic poets, the Baron Pichon, President of the Society of French Bibliophiles, M. de Ruble, possessor of a matchless set of first editions of Molière's plays, and M. Léon Mercier, an enthusiastic admirer of the works of Eisen, Moreau, Marillier, and other celebrated artists. Nor should the two Beraldis, father and son, be omitted; the former, as possessing an unique and admirably classed collection of historical and literary portraits, and the latter, as the joint-author (with the Baron Roger Portalis) of an exhaustive manual, entitled "The Engravers of the Eighteenth Century." Besides this valuable and comprehensive work, M. Henri Beraldi has published "Mes Estampes," a description of his own collection of prints, chiefly in proof state; and, more recently, a catalogue of the library of his friend and colleague, M. Eugène Paillet.

The last-named gentleman, the President, and perhaps most generally popular member of the Society, "The Friends of Books," is the son of the celebrated Advocate, chosen as the defender of Madame Lafarge, and has himself attained at the Palais de Justice the high rank of "Conseiller de la Cour." His choice collection of books, since regrettably dispersed, was a marvel of completeness, and included almost every bibliographical rarity in the finest condition, and bearing the signatures of the most renowned binders, from Derome to Cuzin. Among the gems of his library were a priceless copy of the "Contes de La Fontaine," the famous "Fermiers Généraux" edition of 1762; the same work in manuscript, containing fifty-seven original drawings by Fragonard; the rare "Pastissier Français" (1655); Molière, illustrated by Boucher; Ovid's Metamorphoses (Renouard's copy); Dorat's "Fables" and "Baisers"; the "Chansons de la Borde"; "La Folle Journée" of Beaumarchais, the cost of which amounted to seven thousand francs; and hundreds of other literary and artistic treasures, any one of which would have gladdened the heart of the most difficult connoisseur.

In addition to the literary patrons of the establishment in the Passage Choiseul, the artistic and bookbinding professions are not unfrequently represented there. The ablest draughtsmen of the day, Edouard Morin, Flameng, Hedouin, and Foulquier, may often be seen in consultation with M. Paillet or M. Henri Beraldi respecting the choice of appropriate subjects for illustration; nor is it unusual for Cuzin, Thibaron, or Lortic to exhibit the latest novelty in the delicate art of tooling, destined to figure on the shelves of some wealthy Meccenas, to whom the cost of so elaborate a masterpiece is a matter of secondary consideration.

Any such place of meeting as the one above-described would be impossible in London, where collectors, as a rule, are by no means apt to fraternise with one another. In Paris, every bibliophile knows the particular speciality adopted by his colleagues, and, unless their researches happen to clash with his own, takes a friendly interest in them. Here, on the contrary, book or print-lovers are singularly reticent as to the objects of which they are in quest; and it often happens that a man has devoted years to the pursuit of some mysterious hobby without any one, even the dealers themselves, being aware of it. Our collectors rarely attend sales in person, but entrust their commissions either to a bookseller or to the auctioneer; whereas the sale-rooms of the Rue Drouot have become a daily and fashionable lounge, where every important lot is put up by the "commissaire priseur," M. Maurice Delestre, is tolerably certain to be competed for by rival amateurs, their most determined opponent, in nine cases out of ten, being the Parisian Quaritch, Damascène Morgand.

Except among the small fry of dealers, who occasionally pick up a stray lot of minor value for a nominal sum, the "knock-out" system, so detrimental with us to the interests of vendors, cannot be said to exist in Paris; the leading booksellers being infinitely more jealous of each other than they are of private collectors, and almost unanimously preferring liberty of action to an organised combination which, however profitable it may be to a certain portion of the buyers, is indisputably and unfairly prejudicial to the sellers.

C. II.

MASSAGE

ONE of the strangest of the new professions which are constantly springing up amongst us is that of the *masseur* (or *masseuse*, if a member of the gentler sex is in question), who attacks most of the ills to which flesh is heir, by a system of rubbing and kneading the muscles. Though fresh to English people, there is nothing new about this treatment. Time out of mind, *massage*, in one form or another, has been known in the East, and in a primitive shape it was practised by both Greeks and Romans, who had resource to it, especially after the bath. The bruises and stiffness produced by contests in the arena were removed by its application, and we read in Homer that warriors were revived after the exertions of a battle by being rubbed and anointed at the hands of women.

The *sarchuna* of the Persians was certainly a form of *massage*. Chinese manuscripts, which bear dates three thousand years anterior to the Christian era, contain elaborate directions for an operation similar to it; while the works of such fathers of physic as Celsus, Galen, and Hippocrates, teem with references to primitive forms of this remedy. Of it the last-named writer says:—

"A physician must be experienced in many things, but assuredly also in rubbing, for things that have the same name have not always the same effects. For rubbing can bind a joint which is too loose, and loosen a joint which is too tight. . . . It can make flesh, and cause parts to waste. Hard rubbing binds, soft rubbing loosens, much rubbing causes parts to waste, moderate rubbing makes them grow."

The *lommi-lommi* of the Sandwich Islanders is a sort of *massage* which is constantly undergone by personages of importance, and is sometimes extended to distinguished strangers. Preparation for this treat consists in divesting oneself of almost every garment, and lying down on a mat. As described by a traveller who has undergone it, the operation itself is conducted in the following manner:—"To you enters a stout native, with soft fleshy hands, but a strong grip, and beginning with your head and working down slowly over the whole body, seizes and squeezes with a quite peculiar art every tired muscle, working and kneading with indefatigable patience, until in half-an-hour, whereas you were weary and worn out, you find yourself fresh, all soreness and weariness absolutely gone, and mind and body soothed to a healthful and refreshing sleep." The inhabitants of the island of Tonga have a kindred form of treatment which they divide into three branches named *toogi-toogi*, *mili*, and *fota*. The first consists of soft and quickly-repeated blows with the fist; the second of rubbing with the palm of the hand; and the third of squeezing the muscular tissue between the fingers and thumb. So much for the antiquity and distribution of this operation; a word now as to its practice. *Massage* must not be confounded with "medical rubbing," or "shampooing." The former can only be properly performed by one who possesses a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and who has learnt his business under the eye of a competent and practical teacher. The *masseur* has not merely to pummel and rub his patient; but must have in his mind's eye the form of the various muscles, and carefully search each one out and deal with it separately. Two years is not too long a figure at which to place the

compression a certain amount of torsion and stretching, which are essential to the complete performance of the operation.

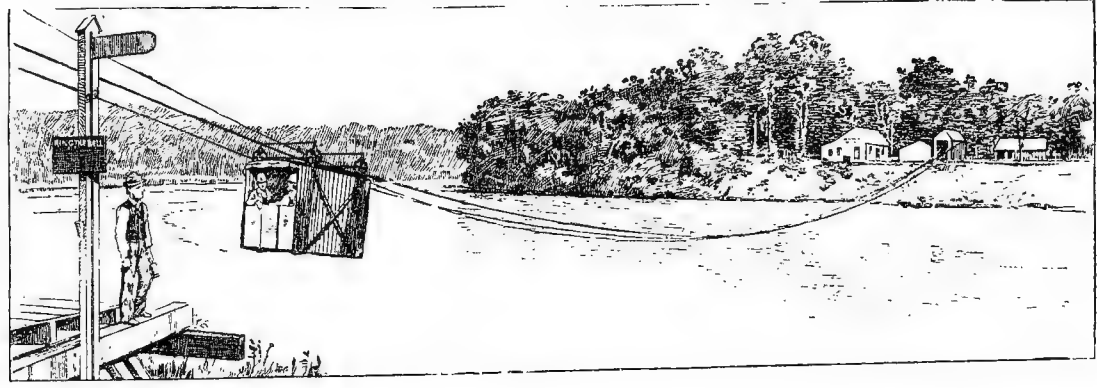
The third section—*massage à frictions*—is performed by simultaneous movements of both hands. The motion made by one is similar to that of *effleurage*, while the finger-tips of the other rub in circular fashion: the first motion should be vertical, the second rotary. This process is chiefly useful in dealing with affections of the joints. *Tapotement* is, as its name implies, an operation consisting of a series of light blows given by the finger-tips, the palms of the hands, or the knuckles. A skilled *masseur* or *masseuse* should be conversant with all these methods. The operator's duty is to follow the directions of the medical man, who prescribes *massage* in the same way as he would prescribe a drug, indicating the procedure which he wishes to be followed, and the duration of the operation.

At present, though the good effects of *massage* on many ailments are fully recognised, nothing very definite is known regarding the manner in which the results obtained from it are brought about. Several medical men have subjected persons to its influence for experimental purposes, and have carefully noted the manner in which it has seemed to affect them. Thus Dr. Gopadze kept four medical students under observation while they underwent a daily course of *massage* for twenty minutes. All four methods were brought into play at each operation. The general result was that in every case the appetite showed considerable improvement, not merely during the week in which *massage* was performed, but during the week following, as well. Two of the patients increased in weight in the course of the week's *massage*, while two decreased; but, curiously enough, all four showed a marked increase during the subsequent week. In every instance it was observed that the respiration became fuller and more frequent, while the beating of the pulse increased in rapidity when *effleurage* was in progress, decreasing when *pétrissage* was substituted. But however little exact knowledge there may be of the precise effect of *massage*, the fact that many of the most eminent medical men of the day advocate it shows that its advantages are not merely of the visionary order.

A. S.

AN "AERIAL FLIGHT" IN NEW ZEALAND

MR. G. N. CHEVERTON, the working manager of the Greymouth and Kumara Tramway, New Zealand, sends us the subjoined illustration and description *à propos* of the recent engraving we published of the "Aerial Flight" at Blackpool. This aerial flight, however, as it is called over there, is for business and not for pleasure, is erected across the River Teremakay, and is a connecting link, in lieu of a bridge, between the north and south portions of the Greymouth and Kumara Tramway. The car is supported on two steel-wire cables, which had, when new, a breaking strength of thirty-six tons each. The span between the piers is 750 ft. The distance traversed by the car is about 700 ft., and the time occupied in transit from fifty to sixty seconds. The height of piers (which are level) above ordinary river level, is 50 ft.; above high floods, 10 to 12 ft. less. The traction is done by a steam-engine and winding-drum, the pull



time required for a thorough mastery of the art. "Medical rubbing," on the other hand, requires no particular training, and may be practised by any one who is not clumsy, and possesses a fair degree of strength.

As Dr. William Murrell puts it, the difference between the two is as marked as that between playing a difficult piece of music at sight, and thumping the keys of the piano with no other object beyond extracting a certain amount of noise from them. Statements appear from time to time in the papers of the high remuneration which is gained by those who practise *massage*, with the inevitable result that numbers of people of both sexes are attracted by this seemingly simple solution of the problem: How to obtain good pay for light work. Medical men who are known to recommend the system receive applications by the score from men and women, who think that they may just as well take to *massage*, and thus make an easy livelihood. Most applicants seem to consider that, if any preparatory knowledge whatever is requisite, it is of a sort that can be acquired in a day or two at the most, and are utterly agast on being given an idea as to the extent of the training necessary before they can hope to acquit themselves with credit. As in other callings, there is plenty of demand for skilled labour; but the ignorant or incompetent will not find themselves able to make any way in this.

The craze for machinery in the United States has, we believe, led to the introduction there of *massage* by steam power. The patient is seized by a machine which possesses arms terminating in india-rubber pads, and is pounded and kneaded by these. It is hardly necessary to say that, so far as efficacy is concerned, the most rough-and-ready shampooing is to be preferred.

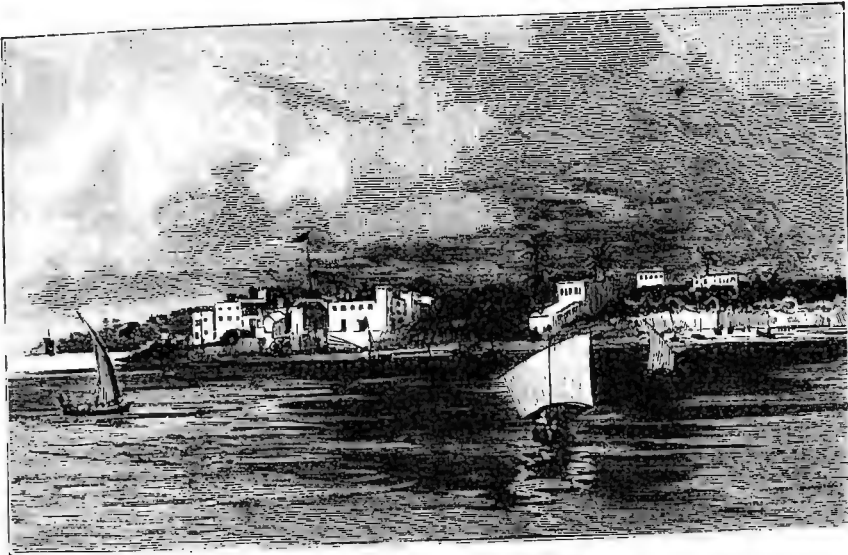
The true system of *massage* is said to have originated in France, and to have been practised there in the early days of this century. As a consequence, the terms used to denominate the different phases of the process are French, and no attempt seems to have been made to translate them into English, German, or any other language. *Massage* is divided into *effleurage*, *pétrissage*, *friction*, and *tapotement*. A brief survey of each of these sections tells us that the first—*effleurage*—consists of stroking with the palm, fingers, or, when it is sought to influence deeply-imbedded muscles, with the knuckles. The chief use made of this method is to employ it as an auxiliary to the others. *Pétrissage* is the process of separately squeezing the muscles and tissues of the body with a view to exciting the circulation and stimulating secretions. To quote Dr. Murrell again:—

"*Pétrissage* is especially applicable to the muscles of the limbs, the neck, and the loins. The simplest mode of procedure consists of picking up between the fingers of one hand a muscle, or group of muscles, isolating it, and then allowing it to spring back by its own elasticity, the fingers at the same time kneading it as one would a piece of dough. When it is desirable to act on a large group of muscles, both hands are employed, so as to squeeze it, as in squeezing water out of a sponge. At the same time that the muscles are being squeezed, or pressed, a rotary movement is imparted to them, which must be transverse to the axis of the limb, so as to combine with the

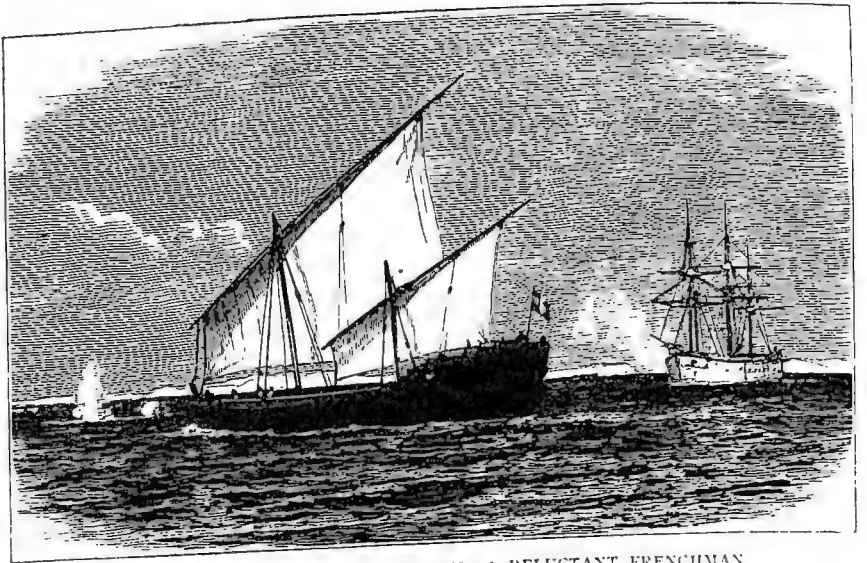
being direct from north to south, while from south to north the rope passes from the car over the north pier, round a pulley at the anchorage, and back over both piers to the drum, one rope winding off as the other winds on. The maximum load, including weight of car, is 2,000 lbs. Six passengers are usually carried at a time, but in times of flood, if it is necessary to raise the cables (which is done by union screws), the load is reduced to four or even to two adults, to compensate for the extra strain, due to shortening the ropes up. The maximum strain on each cable, due to load and weight of cable itself, is about five tons, so there is a large margin for safety. Goods and merchandise of all descriptions are also carried. This wire-tram has been working for about eleven years, and nothing worthy the name of accident has occurred during that time. The present cables have been in use between nine and ten years, and are good for several years yet, if required; but an iron bridge on the Greymouth, Hokitika Railway is now under construction, and when that and the railway are completed, the occupation of the "Aerial" will be gone.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. James A. Reid, Greymouth.

SWEDISH RAILWAYS are very solicitous for the comfort of some of their foreign passengers. A number of railway guards are being taught German at State expense that they may be able to assist Teutonic excursionists during the coming summer. The hint might be taken in other countries with other languages. So, indeed, might the very stringent regulations with regard to the refusal of fees by sleeping-car attendants, which, as the writer can testify, are carried out with staunch Scandinavian honesty.

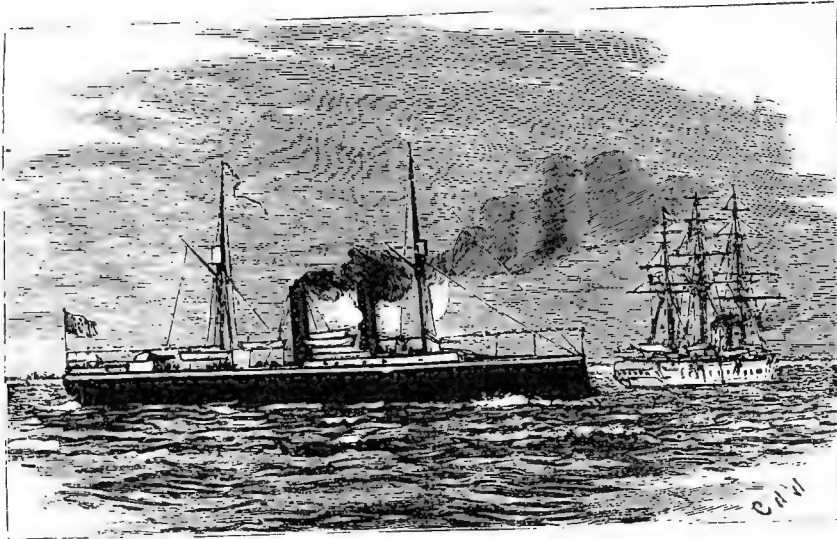
SPIRIT-RAPPING IN CHINA is being devoted to a highly useful purpose—raising funds for the famine-stricken. At Moukden, in the North, a Fairy named Hu is supposed to dwell, who confers many favours on his neighbours in response to their prayers and offerings. A planchette table for his utterances is erected close to the telegraph office, and he often condescends to signify his wishes and advice. Lately, by the aid of the mediums who interpret his remarks, the Fairy issued a lengthy exhortation to charity, and the local relief committee printed his exhortation and distributed copies broadcast. Accordingly funds flowed in rapidly, so that a relief soup-kitchen has been established and clothing bought for the destitute. Hu requests that each donor should write the amount of his gift on a slip of paper to be burnt in the incense brazier at the Fairy's shrine, while sending the gift itself to the telegraph-office. And on the fifteenth of every month, he will audit the accounts and on present the balance-sheets to the higher spirits, who will lay it before the Emperor of Heaven. Donors should also ask some petition on the paper to be burnt, which will certainly be granted. The Fairy finally recommends that a guild should be formed in his honour to contribute money to the relief fund—the guild to be called the "Incense Tithe." A most practical and business-like Fairy, this Hu!



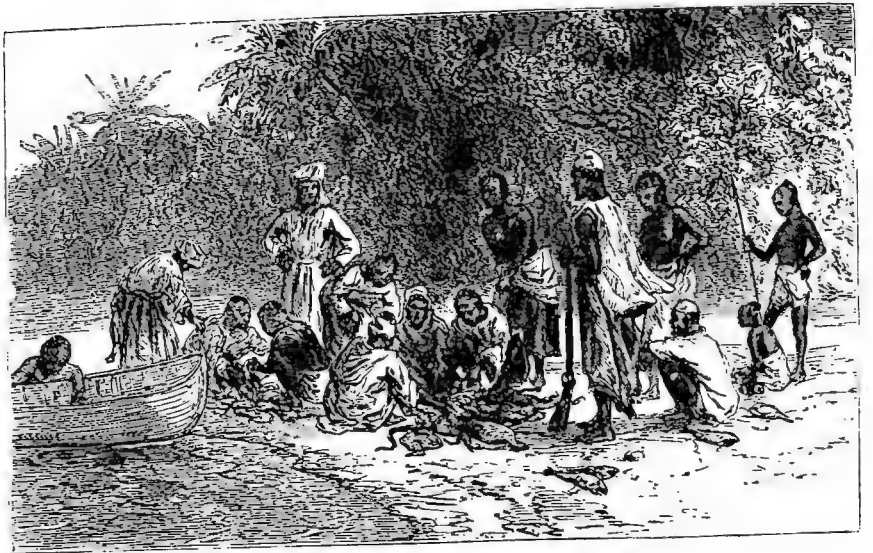
MOMBASA FROM THE ANCHORAGE



THE BLOCKADE OFF PONGO KONDU—A RELUCTANT FRENCHMAN



AN ITALIAN VESSEL JOINS H.M.S. "BOADICEA"



NATIVES SORTING FISH



DOMESTIC FEMALE SLAVES WHO COOLED H.M.S. "AGAMEMNON" AT ZANZIBAR



1. Thinking that all his cabin now needs is a little life and motion, he is persuaded to buy some gold fish—"pretty cweachaws"
2. His pleasure is damped on being told that distilled water (the only water on board) is death
3. He tries aeration by means of a small quantity of soda water

4. A friend unsolicited, tries a sovereign remedy—smoke
5. Two—in extremis—are committed to the (salt) deep
6. "Oh, no!" says another friend, "All they want is air"—so Goslynge uses a syringe
7. But still they languish and keep at the top breathing violently—swallowing their own bubbles

8. His offers to give away the survivors are received with ill-suppressed derision
9. He then tries a cocktail whisk
10. Dreaming he is a gasping carp he starts violently in his sleep, and solves the problem, at the expense of his bed, and (temporarily) of his beauty

MR. GOSLYNGE'S GOLD-FISH—THEIR SHORT THOUGH GLITTERING CAREER



MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, AND CO.—Very often our favourite pieces, more especially of concerted music, are worn out and jaggel at the edges, so as to render the act of turning over the leaves with rapidity next to impossible. A very ingenious invention, "The Patent Music Page Protector," meets and overcomes this difficulty. So simple and effective is this invention that we are led to wonder it was not thought of before; a numbered strip of gummed edge paper is fastened on the first right hand page, close to the margin; this is repeated on each following page; a series of figures and curved lines direct how to cut away a portion on each succeeding page, so that the player can rapidly turn over one at a time. Full directions for their application are given with each set of slips: the Protector can be obtained through any music or bookseller.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 82, Vol. XI., of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* contains but two works: a very showy "Fantasia," by E. Silas, which extends over twelve pages, and is a clever composition, albeit somewhat too lengthy; "Prelude and Fugue," by G. B. Polleri, Organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Genoa, are masterly compositions, to which were awarded the first prize of the Royal Academy of Music in Florence, at the National Concours in 1887; organists will find these works well worthy of their attention.—Nos. 110, 111, and 112 of "Original Compositions for the Organ" are respectively: "Three Offertories," of a very useful type, by Hamilton Clarke; a cheerful "Pastorale," by Luard Selby; and "Six Easy Voluntaries," by Kate Loder, veritable boons to students and medium players.—Two trios for female voices, which will be appreciated in the home circle and in schools, are "Remember Now Thy Creator" and "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters;" words from Holy Writ, music by W. Sterndale-Bennett.—A bright and taking trio of a secular type is "I Know a Glade," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Arthur W. Marchant. All the three are in Novello's "Collection of Trios, Quartets, &c., for Female Voices."—One of the latest issues of Novello's Original Octavo Edition is "The Little Mermaid," a cantata for treble voices, with recitatives and pianoforte accompaniment; the libretto (founded on the fairy tale by Hans C. Andersen) is by Lewis Novra, the music by Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon. Most of our readers are acquainted with this graceful little tale, which has been prettily versified by the adapter. There is much originality in the music and the dramatic handling of the libretto. This cantata will produce a good effect at the breaking-up party of a college or school. "Schilflieder" (Reed Songs) is the fantastic name of a group of five clever songs, music by S. B. Schlesinger, with German and English words by N. Lenan. These songs are of medium compass.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—A weird poem by Heine is "Ritter Olaf" (Sir Olaf). It has inspired Charles Braun to a most appropriate musical setting for solo voices (tenor and bass), chorus, and orchestra, or, in the edition before us, pianoforte score with German and English text, the latter being well done by E. Brick and Francis Pranze. In Germany this sensational cantata will surely be more appreciated than in England, but Choral Societies will find good study therein.

C. ROYLANCE.—"The Anglo-German Concertina Player's Companion," by C. Roylance, will be found of great assistance to students of that somewhat difficult instrument. It contains a good selection of favourite melodies, "vamps," and harmonised scales, in all the principal keys, together with effective interludes and cadenzas. A diagram showing the scale of the chromatic Anglo-German concertina with forty keys will prove of great use to would-be players.

MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.—Matthew Arnold's sweet poem, "Come To Me in My Dreams," has been melodiously set to music by M. Valérie White, and published in three keys.—Paoli Tosti was at his best when he composed "Venetian Song," for which B. C. Stephenson wrote the dreamy words.—There is true sentiment in "Beside the Weir," written and composed by W. Beatty-Kingston and Luigi Caraccioli.—Two pleasing songs for the drawing-room are "Constancy," words by Tom Hood, music by Theresa Beney, and "My Lady Fair," written and composed by Derwent Miall and Frank L. Moir.

J. BROWN.—A pleasing ballad for the home circle is "Old Affections," written and composed by W. J. Hunt and W. C. Levey. Of the same domesticated type as the above are two songs, music by H. Elliot Lath, "Laddie's Request," for which Walter Layton has supplied a tale of rustic courtship, and "Off to Sea," words by Cuthbert Franklin. By the same composer is "Marche des Guides."

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is much merit in Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "The Afternoon Landscape: Poems and Translations" (Longmans). The "Sonnet to Duty" which opens the volume is very finely conceived. The closing half of the first quatrain and the last one run as follows:—

Gardener, whose touch bids the rose-petals fall,
The thorns endure: surgeon, who human hearts
Searchest with probes, though the death-touch be given;
Spell that knits friends, but yearning lovers parts;
Tyrant relentless o'er our blisses all;
Oh, can it be, thine other name is Heaven?

There is profound thought united with the highly cultivated taste in literary expression in Mr. Higginson's work, and all this is, we fancy, associated with genuine poetic gifts. The volume is not inappropriately dedicated to Mr. James Russell Lowell, who is claimed by Mr. Higginson as a schoolmate and fellow-townman.

A plain and straightforward narrative in blank verse of Christ's life is to be found in "The Man of Nazareth: a True Life" (Kegan Paul). The writer has a graceful and ready flow of words, and offends, in no striking fashion, against any received canon of correctness. Of Joseph and Mary he says:—

Little could they dream,
When as a babe He lay upon the breast
Of her who bore Him, that in days to come
The name they gave Him should resound afar;
Should be the dearest name in mortal ears,
And ring from mortal lips in every land.

The First Series of "Tales and Ballads" (John Heywood), by Mr. Oliver Cooper, is written with much vivacity and spirit. We do not suppose that the author claims for "The Serf" and the other poems that they have been composed with much regard for literary nicety; but they are written with a certain amount of dash which should make them effective for recitation.

Slieve Donard is a grand old hill, and we are not quite sure that the fullest justice has been done to it and its fellows by Mr. John McKibbin in his little volume, "The Down Side of Mourne; or, Foot Lines on a Rustic Holiday" (C. S. Elliott). Mr. McKibbin is very full of enthusiasm for his subject, which, by the way, is a grand one. So he puts it himself in addressing the Mourne Mountains:—

Dear land of love and rural charms,
The home of blest emotion,
O'er thee my ripened fancy warms
In unalloyed devotion.

He evidently knows his country side very well, and, as it is one replete with a certain massive, dreary impressiveness and much rustic charm, those, who have ever visited it, will be grateful to Mr. McKibbin, perhaps, for putting his own impressions and admirations into fluent verse.



THIS month's *Nineteenth Century* is a very strong number. It opens with Lord Armstrong's "The New Naval Programme," who advances some solid-looking reasons for thinking that a numerous fleet of small cruisers will be more useful to us than a few battle-ships, whose primary value consists in their supposed greater capabilities of fighting each other.—Mr. Edward Dicey argues for a billy of fighting each other.—Mr. Edward Dicey argues for a fusion of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives in what he describes as "The Lesson of Birmingham."—We may commend to notice as "The Countess of Jersey's 'The Hindu at Home,'" who admirably renders for us that "charm which cannot be defined."—Very vividly brought before us by Mr. Edward Clifford the beauty of the self-devoted existence lived in Molokai, in an article which he entitles, "With Father Damian and the Lepers."—The Rev. Dr. Wace and the Bishop of Peterborough write anent Professor Huxley again, while the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., winds up the Review with "Italy in 1888-89." He observes:—"We are all the debtors with 'Italy in the mental order. She it was who trained us up in the modern civilisation. We cannot repay the debt; but, if we are conscious of its existence, we can acknowledge it, and we can fit our conduct to that acknowledgment by the prayer that she may permanently discharge her high duties as a member of the European family by a steady regard to the welfare of the family as a whole, and by detecting and renouncing every temptation to sink back to the level of lower ideas and of narrower aims."

Lord Wolsley has written a very readable and suggestive paper in the *Fortnightly*, wherein he answers the self-imposed question:—"Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living?" Generally his answer is that it is, though it is not, perhaps, quite possible to agree with him in his consideration of acts of warlike suicide like that of the Earl of Sandwich on board the *Prince* in the Anglo-Dutch naval war of Charles II.'s time.—An exceedingly instructive paper is that by Lady Dilke on "The Great Missionary Success."—Mr. Hamilton Aidé writes admirably on "Colour in Domesticity and Dress." As he points out, while extravagance in costume may suit the butterfly prettiness of a Pompadour or the vacillating plainness of many an *espiègle* countenance, it is not so with such persons as the noble ladies whom Vandyck and Reynolds loved to paint. "No doubt," he well observes, "some of them, like Joseph, affected 'many colours,' but these persons knew that to nine-tenths of women nothing is so 'unbecoming,' that sallow, mottled, or rubicund complexions are best relieved by broad masses of one tint, perhaps oftenest by white or black, emphasised by a sharp accent of opposing brightness. They knew, moreover, that where the dignity of beauty itself may be absent, the beauty of dignity, of that calm, unconscious grace (which is, indeed, a spiritual grace more than a merely physical one) is incompatible with obtrusive clothes."

Mr. F. J. Crowest writes an able article in the *National Review* on "The Music of the British Army." He has collected a great deal of information not generally at the popular disposal on his subject. As to the higher branches of it he is of opinion that the country need not grow alarmed concerning successors to its Godfreys and Watsons and Kappeys. The work being done in the way of training at Kneller Hall is excellent. Especial stress is placed upon arranging music and it is not thought advisable to encourage the production of what is ephemeral.—Concluding the number is a fine poem by the Countess of Jersey, entitled "Meditations of a Western Wanderer," of which the first stanza opens thus:—

All the world over, meseemeth, wherever my footsteps have trod
The nations have builded temples, and in them have imaged their God.
Of the temples the Nature around them has fashioned and moulded the plan,
And the gods took their life and their being from the visions and longings of man.

Dr. Dale sheds much interesting side-light in the *Contemporary Review* on the religious and moral character of Mr. Bright. "In private," writes Mr. Dale, "he was also reticent—perhaps too reticent, as is the manner of most devout Englishmen—on religious subjects. But when he spoke—as he did occasionally—on the great objects of faith, and on the deeper experiences of the heart, it was with a simplicity and depth of feeling which showed how large and constant a place they held in his thought and life."—Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., has a sensible essay on "Labour in Parliament," in which he deprecates the possibility of labour representatives ever forming themselves into a separate party founded on the accident of class.—Attention may also be drawn to "Individualism and Socialism," by Grant Allen.—A number of distinguished persons contribute their views on "The Industrial Value of Technical Training."

Artists and folk artistic will find much to please them in Mr. W. W. Story's "Recent Conversations in a Studio" which appear in *Blackwood*, although for our part we scarcely care for the dialogue form of disquisition in print.—"A. K. H. B." writes enthusiastically and well on "The New Hymnology of the Scotch Kirk" which, as every one knows, is a very different thing from the old one.

Admiral Sir E. Fanshawe writes in *Murray* on "The Command of the Sea." After a thorough analysis of what this means, he comes to the conclusion that if the British Empire is conquered in war its vast commercial resources and financial credit will be crushed by its conquerors. In reply to the question whether these, like the armies of Prussia and France, can rise again in equal or greater strength than before, he says, "Many will answer, No; these, if once lost in war, are lost for ever."—The most attractive paper in the magazine is that by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand on "The Personality of Prince Bismarck," of whose weakness in early and middle life for the cigar and what is generally known as wine he treats amusingly.

Touching allusion is made to our grand Tribune of the People now no more, in the *Universal Review*, by Mr. L. C. P. Villiers, M.P., under the heading, "In Memoriam John Bright," while Professor Thorold Rogers attempts to give a fairly just appreciation, to our thinking, of a noble political character.—An enjoyable paper is Mr. C. E. Greene's on "Australian Writers;" while we have seldom read a more sardonically witty story than "L'Amour Sublime," by the Comte de l'Isle Adam. Neither should the reader pass by the charming illustrated paper "Kimberley to Daga Bay," by Mr. George Kilgour.

Among the best things in *Longman* is "A Hill-top Stronghold," by Mr. Grant Allen, who, anent Fiesole, discourses very interestingly of the motives which led men in old time to build cities rather on mountains than in valleys. A really clever short story, too, is "The Hun, Percy Heron," by Mr. R. Shindle.—Any one who cares for ideal self-sacrifice made actual can read "Father Damian and the Lepers," by Mr. Archibald Ballantyne.

There is nothing very new in *Cornhill*. "The Last of the

Southeys" is not suggestive of novelty; while "Venice in Spring," though brightly treated, is nearly as old as winter itself.

There is no falling-off in the attractiveness of the illustrations in *Harper*. "Social Life in Russia," by the Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogüé, is well written. This contributor to the periodical says: "If we were requested to represent Russia by some symbolic figure, hesitation would not be impossible. We should simply have to paint a green baize table with some packs of cards in the middle of a snow steppe."

Mr. Freeman is learned, as usual, with a valuable historical paper anent "City and Borough" in *Macmillan*, while there is a spirited account, "The White Battle," of the fight by Myban on October 12th, 1319, where Yorkshire priests and traders suffered cruel defeat, moved to battle by that cruel fair one, Isabella, the faithless wife of Edward II. Those who like a bright essay, though the subject be swearing, should read, "By —?" by Mr. Arthur Gaye.

There is a common-sense paper by Mr. Charles Worcester Clark in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Temperance Legislation; Uses and Limits." He very shrewdly argues that the attempt to create moral sentiment by law reverses the true order. Law should follow and enforce the desire of moral sentiment already created by education. Pushed in advance, it becomes inoperative and ridiculous, discouraging instead of stimulating.—Mr. Albert Roland Haven has some sprightly lines, "La Merveilleuse Américaine," from which we take

But here along Broadway she goes,
And not a fear or care she knows.
The stare of man and woman's glance
N'er front her out of countenance.
She moves in sweet oblivion
Of everything and every one.

The May number of the *English Illustrated* is first-rate. It contains a "Study of a Head," engraved by W. Bismombe Gardner from a drawing by Thomas Sant, R.A. This is followed by the first instalment—promising, by the way—of "Jenny Harlowe," one more of Mr. W. Clark Russell's nautical stories.—An excellent descriptive paper is "A Peep Into the Coal Country," written by Mr. G. Blake Walker, and illustrated by Miss Margaret May.—Very vivacious, and well put together is this month's "Et Cætera," by Mr. H. D. Traill, who is especially worth reading on baseball.

There is in *Scribner* a clever story, "The Dilemma of Sir Guy de Winter," by Mr. Octave Thanet, while the reminiscent paper by M. Eugene Schuyler, "Count Leo Tolstoi Twenty Years Ago," will attract many.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is a beautiful etching, by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn, from Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's painting of "The Lady of Shalott."—An amusing paper is that by Mr. C. Whitley on "A Bavarian Caricaturist."

We have before us *The Journal of Indian Art*, being No. 25. We think if people only knew generally what a number of quaint and beautiful pictures are contained in this volume, which costs just two shillings, it would not want ready purchasers.

The *Illustrated Naval and Military Review* is entertaining enough. "At the Easter Review," by Mr. Arthur M. Horwood, is full of liveliness; and we may commend the paper, by Colonel Knollys, on "The French Army and the Revolution of 1789."

In *Temple Bar* a new serial, "Sir Charles Danvers," opens well; and the excellent sketch of "Mr. Disraeli," by Mr. H. W. Lucy, is brought to a conclusion. He observes: "The extreme of acerbity with which his youth and middle age had been attacked was equalled only by the adulation amid which he passed the closing years of his life—a strange eventful life, exceeding in adventure anything attributed to the heroes of fiction, and crowned by a success that was the prize of patient endeavour and supreme genius."

Time has quite a long list of well-known names on its cover. Amongst the best may be mentioned Mrs. Molesworth's pleasant trifle, "A Dog Story," and Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji's "The Parsi Religion."

With reference to the *Quiver*, we may allude to its admirable opening serial, "Dorothy's Vocation."

The *Woman's World* contains a charming paper on "Madame de Recamier," by Miss M. E. Hawkes, the portrait of the subject of which forms the frontispiece of the journal.—Mrs. Eliot James may be read too in her article entitled "Round the Cornish Coast."

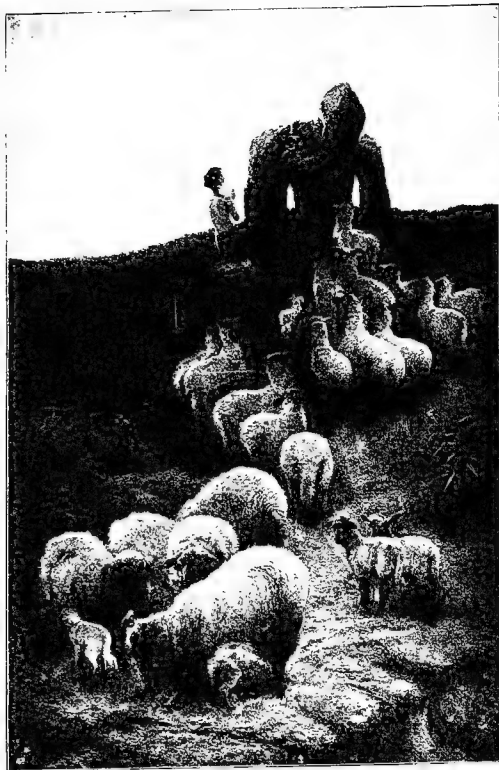
A good many people will readily purchase, we imagine, the *Magazine of Art* for its "Study of a Head," a photographure from Sir Frederick Leighton's well-known picture of Lady Hallé.—There is much that may be favourably commented on in this monthly, but we may call special attention to the Editor's "Current Art: The Royal Academy, I."

NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, WEST HARTLEPOOL

THIS building, which was opened last week by Prince Albert Victor, is centrally situated, and provides the usual Municipal Offices—also offices and Board Room for the Guardians and the School Board. The Council Chamber is placed in the second story, extending along the principal front. It is of good proportions, with coved and panelled ceiling ornamentally treated. The cornice and frieze also are fully enriched. The room is divided into bays by slightly projecting ornamental pilasters, and a pilaster is carried round the whole. The doors are finished with pilasters, cornices, and pediments. The chimney-piece is of wood, panelled and carved to correspond with the doors. The windows are large, with stained glass in the upper parts. The Mayor's Parlour is arranged *en suite*, and corresponds in general treatment with the Council Chamber. The floors of the Entrance Hall and



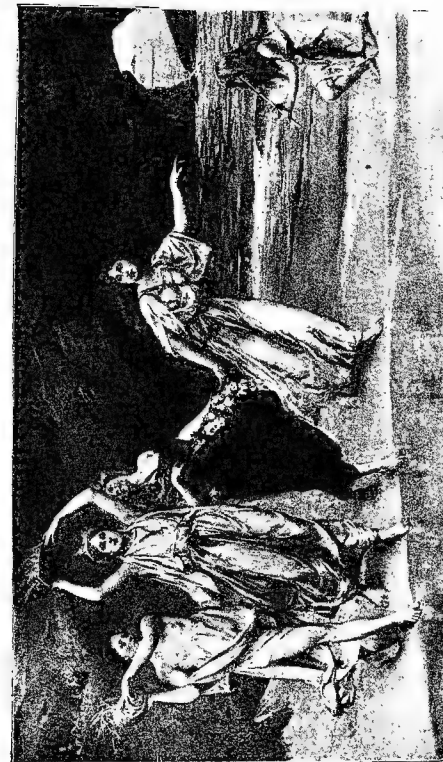
corridors are of marble mosaic, the Borough Arms, surrounded by ornamental bordering, being introduced in the principal entrance. The building generally has been designed with regard to possible future extension. The materials used for the exterior are small bricks of dark red colour, with bases, cornices, and other dressings of red terra-cotta, with strawberry-coloured tiles for the roofs. The style adopted is that generally known as "Queen Anne," and, although economy has been considered throughout, the general effect, without being ostentatious, is architecturally satisfactory, and the grouping of the several parts of the design have been carefully studied. Mr. Joseph Howe, of West Hartlepool, is the contractor, and Mr. R. Knill Freeman, F.R.I.B.A., of Bolton and Manchester (of the firm of Freeman and Robins, Newcastle-on-Tyne), the architect.



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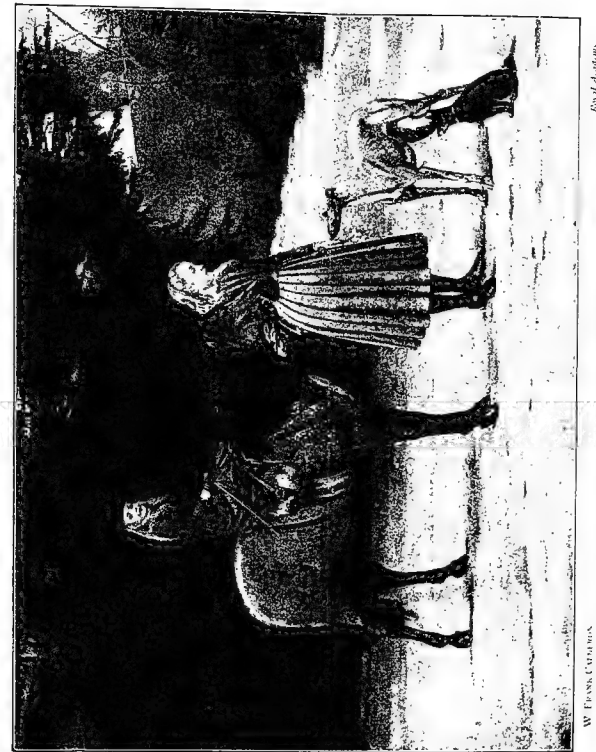
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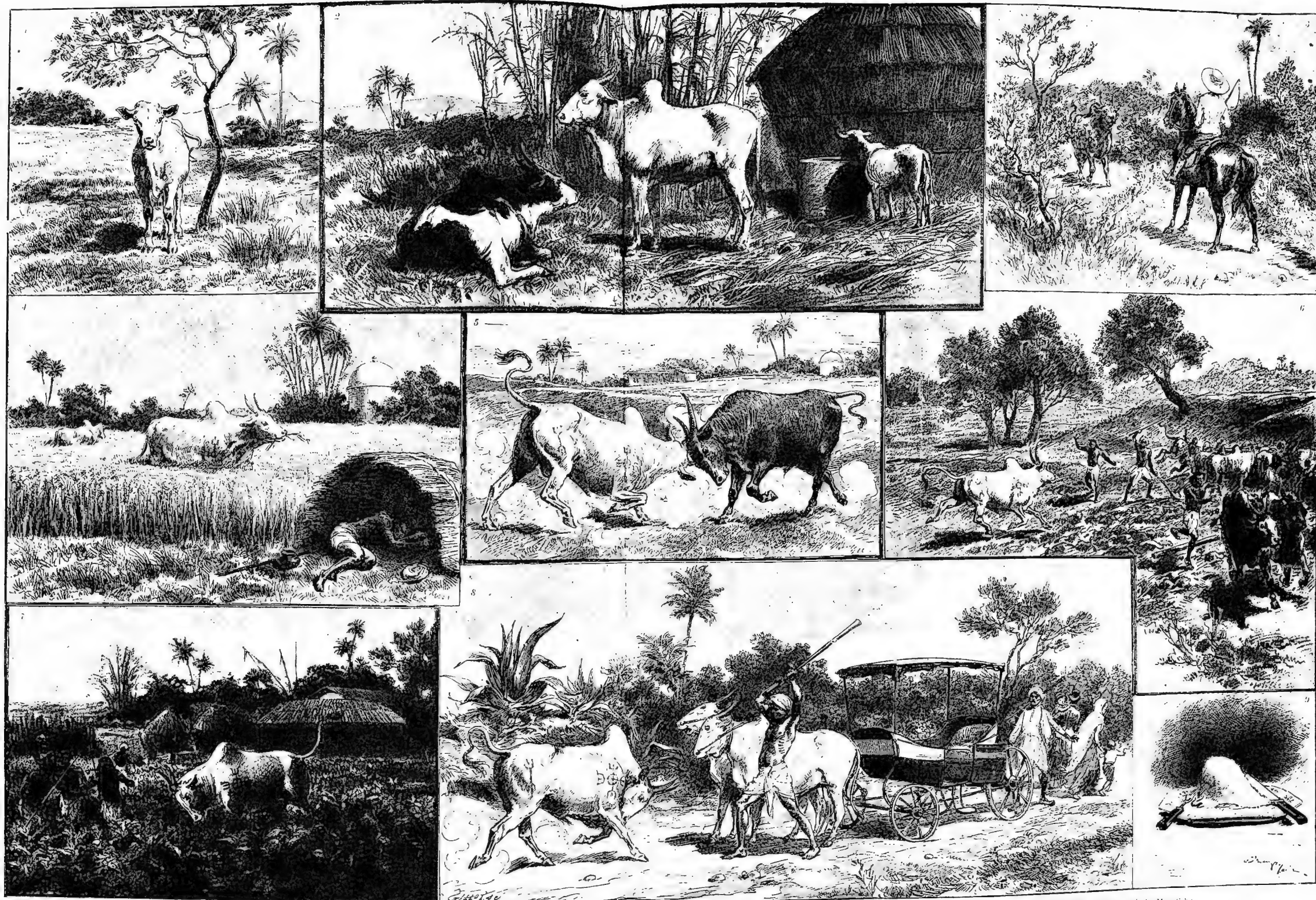
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THE ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES OF A BRAHMA BULL

A DAY ON THE GOLD COAST

DIRT, and the stench by which dirt is accompanied, abound in the Gold Coast towns. The scavengers have plenty to do every morning, and we are fortunate to have scavengers. In some towns the only scavengers are the prisoners, and, when the prison is empty, the Commissioner waits with shut eyes and pinched nostrils, longing for the sight of a culprit.

But we are a large town, an Assize town, and there are over ten thousand of us—exclusive of pigs. As this is the first day of Assize, let us pay a visit to the Court. We find the judge in a wig and scarlet gown, looking as if he would like to take them off, for the weather is hot. He is a slightly coloured man, and, at the Bar, we see unmistakable black under the white horse-hair of the forensic wig. To the right of the judge is a piebald jury, and opposite him is a black prisoner, clad in a piece of cotton print hanging from his waist. This garment is usually worn over the left shoulder; but, in Court, the shoulder is bare, in accordance with Fantee etiquette, a mark of respect, and the prisoner now stands naked to the waist, and is continually hitching up his absurd garment, which is always threatening to slip down. On his left wrist is a great ring made of silver found far back in the interior. The charge is read over to him, and the interpreter is expected to put into Fantee a legal rigmarole ending up with "the peace of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen." The accused is an Ashantee who has come to live with us and to work as a gold-taker. A gold taker is a man who waits in a shop to take and weigh all gold dust tendered in payment for goods. He places the gold-dust in a little scoop, and, by a quick jerking motion, partially separates the refuse, which he then blows away. He also makes use of a magnet to remove the iron filings which the vendor is wont freely to mingle with his gold-dust.

Looking round, we see some of the prisoner's Ashantee friends squatting on the floor, and we notice round their wrists curious collections of things strung together. Looking closely, we see that some of these things are human incisors; these were drawn from heads which had been cut off, because their owners told lies in the King's Palace. But the Ashantees are quite aware that no such punishment awaits those who tell lies in the Courts of Queen Victoria, and, when they go into the witness-box presently, they will take the fetish oath of tasting pepper, salt, and water, and then lie with complete unconcern.

We have not yet quite done with these Ashantee bracelets. This dirty disc of metal is gold. Its blackness is due to the fact that it has been soaked in human blood. And this piece of hide hanging from the bracelet is lion-skin, and a very powerful fetish. Doubtless, much rum has been expended on medicine-men to insure an acquittal, and in the end the prisoner is found "Not Guilty," and goes away feeling more than ever convinced of the efficacy of fetish in getting a man out of a scrape.

The next prisoner is a Kroo boy, called King George. Nobody can interpret his language, so he is addressed in the jargon in which white men usually talk to Kroo boys, as thus: "They say you go break into store—Mr. Jones' store—twelve o'clock, night time, about two months past. You break in for steal. When you get in you steal three piece cloth. That be true?" "Dat be true," says "King George," and is led away to prison, nominally for five years, but actually for about two months, by which time he will be tired of prison, and will go away. There is nothing to prevent him; he will be taken into the streets to work on the roads, and when he finds this tedious, he will smash his fetters with a stone and bolt, and his name will go to swell the list of escaped prisoners posted outside the Police-stations.

"King George," it should be explained, is a temporary name, by which the Kroo boy goes while working in this country, his own

name being unmanageable. The English masters pride themselves on inventing absurd names, and one may frequently hear "Pea Soup" called upon to say what has become of "Best Man" and "Two Pound Ten."

A Kroo-boy can always be known at sight by a blue tattoo-mark down his forehead, and by his dress, consisting of a vest and a piece of cloth drawn between his thighs. On Sunday, however, he blossoms out in a complete suit of clothes, a shirt with plenty of cuffs and collar, a tall hat, and boots. In fact he is much better dressed than his master ever troubles to be in this country.

Now there is a bit of a scrimmage in Court; a black barrister characterises a witness as a rascal, and the witness says, "Who are you to call me a rascal? I am better than you; your father was a slave." This retort has the sting of truth in it, for the advocate's father was a slave in the days before slavery was abolished, but a rich uncle took an interest in the slave's son, sent him to England, and made him what we now see him. Such a mingling of various social ranks in one family is common here.

As we leave the Court we look down from the verandah upon the prison-yard, where we see black prisoners in white prison-dress breaking stones, while some refractory men are undergoing shot-drill. The low white building beyond the yard is the Lower or Commissioner's Court, where that functionary hears police and small-debt cases.

The Commissioner is also custodian of the district, chief constable, and governor of the gaol, and fills up his time with answering the telegrams which are constantly raining in upon him.

Now we walk under white umbrellas through the hot streets, and note the houses built of mud, which gets softened in rainy weather, and sometimes collapses suddenly, killing inmates and passers-by. Into the cool shade of the house, and now to our eleven o'clock hot breakfast, beginning with fish, and passing through meat and vegetables to fruit. It is not Coast fashion to take tea or coffee at breakfast, we drink claret or lager beer.

After breakfast we look out of window at the girls dressed in silk, and adorned with all the gold they can borrow, who walk through the town to notify to the world that they are arrived at a marriageable age. Then we see the progress of a King borne in a basket on men's heads, shadowed by umbrellas with long poles, preceded by drummers, and followed by his sword-bearers. We turn out to call upon our white friends in the cool of the day, return to dinner, and close our day on the Gold Coast by going to bed at nine.

E. E.



JUST a generation ago, a big Church dignitary, who afterwards joined the Church Association, startled a small rector by asserting that "Cathedrals are an anachronism." That the public do not think it is proved by the publication in three very handsome volumes of "Our National Cathedrals" (Ward and Lock). There must be a demand to warrant this supply from a firm which knows its public; though sometimes, as we trust it may do in this case, supply stimulates demand. The work is admirably got up. We hardly know which to praise most, the compendiousness of the letterpress, or the careful finish of the numerous chromos and the clearness of the wood-

engravings. The account of the restoration of Southwell, most of it done by "John Gregory, mason, and his man John Cook," under Archdeacon Wilkins's guidance, is a fair sample of the interesting history. Considerable space is devoted to the Welsh cathedrals, the views of Llanidaff and St. David's giving these buildings as they are, and also as they were when the former was as much a ruin as Tintern, service being held in "a sort of third-rate town-hall," as Mr. Freeman called it, built up by Bishop Watson inside the nave. We are glad that among the Scotch cathedrals is included the little modern church which serves for a cathedral at Inverness, as well as Sir G. G. Scott's masterpiece, St. Mary's, Edinburgh. The cathedrals are well shown, the round tower (Irish in every feature, save that the cap is more ornate) being given in the view of Brechin. Of Irish cathedrals the account is far less satisfactory. Kilkenny surely deserved notice, and Armagh; nor can we imagine why Cashel is omitted. A view of the ruins on "the Rock," and also one of the fifth-rate Queen Anne church below, to which Archbishop Price removed his throne when he dismantled the ancient structure, would have thrown light on the working of the Irish Church Establishment. We heartily wish the book the success it deserves.

"Our Earth and Its Story" (Cassell) is a popular treatise on geology rather than on physical geography. As the world is still making, the two run into one another; and, having brought us to the palaeo-lithic period, where, in one of the most striking of the 262 woodcuts, a very comely group is holding a funeral feast, Dr. R. Brown has the world before him as we know it, and, rightly figuring Tchukchis and Eskimos as existing neolithics, he enlarges on the distribution of plants, the zones of temperature, &c. The book is brought up to date, the discussion about coral islands giving Dr. Murray's theory as well as Darwin's. It contains a vast mass of information of that thorough and carefully-arranged kind to which we are accustomed in Messrs. Cassell's popular books.

The weakness of "our own correspondents" is that they see what they came to see, and so set it forth as to strengthen the already formed conclusions of those who sent them. Your impartial observer is almost as rare a being as your disinterested patriot. "Letters from Wales" (Allen), appearing in the *Times* in 1887-8, will hardly claim to be without bias. The writer holds strong views on the question of Welsh nationalism, and on the tone of the Welsh press. On the Church question he does not pronounce himself so strongly. Doubtless he is right in affirming (p. 83) that "the Church has been first chosen for attack because she is the most promising subject." Into one alleged hardship he did not think it worth while to inquire, "whether Nonconformists have a difficulty in finding sites for chapels." This important question he put aside, because he thought "it had no connection with the laws regulating the relation of landlord and tenant" (p. 240). What gives the "Letters" an interest far higher than that aroused by the temporary tithe difficulty, is the fact that the writer, a Welshman, was able to get at the inner life of his countrymen. He points out, for instance, how "the minister's" influence has discouraged football, and nearly stopped the national dances. The same influence has certainly promoted uncharitableness. If the supposed identity of Home Rule and Rome Rule has been in some Unionist hands a powerful weapon, the way in which the Home-ruling Welsh Dissenters insist that the Church clergy are only warming-pans for the Romish priests (p. 128), shows that it is a two-edged one.

The Mendips are far too seldom explored; and, if the author of "Winscombe Sketches" (Elliot Stock) brings more tourists and artists that way, he will earn the visitors' gratitude, albeit at the

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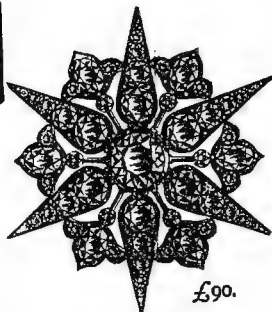
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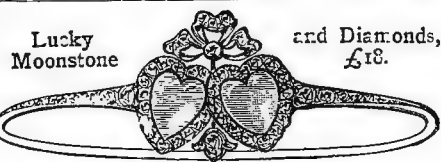
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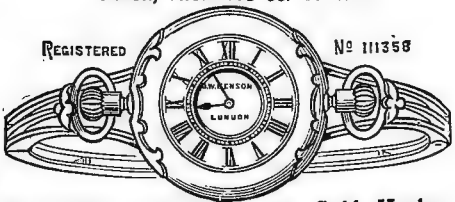


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risk of lessening the rural simplicity of some out-of-the-way nooks. Of course the book contains something about Hannah More; it contains a good deal more about Burrington caves, Dolbury and other camps, and Mr. Boyd Dawkins's researches. Sidcot, with its conjurer and its Quakers' school, comes in for a couple of chapters; and of "the Winscombe folk" there are many lively recollections. A visitor to "the pleasant country" should not fail to put Mr. Compton's little book among his baggage.

Our Vice-Consul at Helsingfors has translated Senator Mechelin's "Precis of the Public Law of Finland" (Chapman and Hall), which was written with the view of showing that that country is not a mere province of Russia, but has its own Constitution, rigidly adhered to since 1809, and even strengthened and extended by the present "Emperor and Grand Duke." Finland has its Diet; but we doubt if Mr. Gladstone can get any hints therefrom in constructing his Home Rule Parliament; though the rule that "members are expected to be dignified, and to be moderate in their language," is one which we hope would be enforced on the banks of the Liffey as well as at Helsingfors.

We are not sorry that Professor Thorold Rogers's "Economic Interpretation of History" (Fisher Unwin, London; Putnam, New York) was accidentally passed over at the time of publication. It is well that one of the most important books of this or of any season should have attention called to it after the echoes of the first cheers and hisses have died away. Legislation on labour, the consequences of the success in agriculture, the origin of rent, bye industries, the interpretation of export and import tables, are a few of Mr. Rogers's topics—all handled, we need not say, in a way to command the careful attention of those who widely differ with him. Treating of England he has naturally to glance at the Flemings, Lombards, and others with whom we had close trade relations in the Middle Ages; and, in his later chapters, at the United States, our Colonies, and India. He is an unsparing iconoclast. His sketch of Pitt may be profitably studied by the worshippers of that "heaven-born Minister." "How Pitt got his pliant Parliament in 1784" he says (page 470) "will probably not be known for some time, the secret materials of our history being kept back more than a century, a clear indication how discreditable those materials are. Pitt's taxes were the very worst conceivable; it is paraded of this personage that he was a disciple of Adam Smith; there have been many disciples from Gehazi and Judas onwards who have misused the instruction they received." That is a fair example of Mr. Rogers's trenchant style. He is not always so severe; thus he admits (page 371) that "the fair-trader is not an absolute fool." And he often hits a blot, as when he shows (page 316) that "Mr. Mill was wrong in believing an increase of wages can only be procured at the expense of profits." But he is not simply combative; he has his own theories, e.g., "that in the Middle Ages silver was largely produced in England," while his history of paper currencies and of the Guild and apprentice system are full of teaching. "Trades' Unionism he looks on as a remedy against Socialism; and, though a strong case may be made out for the State ownership of railways, he believes (page 511), "the change would not conduce to the comfort of the public." His book is not one to be read and put aside; it should be, for occasional study, in every public library, and in every private one which pretends to anything like completeness.

The second series of the Rev. Harry Jones's "Holiday Papers" (Smith and Elder) is just as varied and as entertaining as the first. His reminiscences go back to Crab Robinson, of whom, however, he is not able to recall a single saying; all he remembers is "continuous bass deliveries of words which my seniors seemed to enjoy,

and which occasionally went on the whole day, like Cheapside." Bishop Colenso he remembers as "one of the sweetest-tempered, most lovable, and personally conscientious of men, yet wholly lacking in humour." He has a good deal to tell us about his dogs, and about the fowls that he kept at St. George's-in-the-East; and, as his anecdotes are not wonderful, his dog-keeping readers will compare them with their own experiences. In such a book there is sure to be plenty of padding. Why spend half a page, for instance, in telling us that, while it is very cruel to take the young, or all the eggs, out of a nest, to pick out one or two eggs for a collection is quite allowable? The book gives the playful side of one whose hard work in East London is well-known to some of us.

In reading Canon Curteis's "Bishop Selwyn" (Kegan Paul) we can't help asking why one who was doing such good work in New Zealand should have been called away, and set over the Black Country. One thing is certain, no former Bishop of Lichfield had interested himself as he did in the very mixed population of his Diocese, talking to miners at the bottom of a coal-pit, or addressing to Stoke potters such earnest words as to extort the response, "That's a good 'un, he is." The change, Canon Curteis is sure, shortened the Bishop's days. He was indefatigable in New Zealand; but the long sea and land journeys made breaks in the work of public speaking, far more refreshing than the very brief railway trips which intervened between a big meeting at one town and a big meeting at another. It was his "almost military instincts," his high sense of loyalty, which led the Bishop to accept Lichfield after having at first resolutely refused it. We must remember that before he left New Zealand his native work had, thanks to the ten years' war, become (to use his own words) "a remnant in two senses, the remnant of a decaying people and of a decaying faith." His work among the soldiers made the Maoris suspect that he was directing the war against them! Every page of the Canon's book is worth reading, from the stories of the Bishop's boyhood to the consecration of his son for Melanesia and the notice of Sister Dora.

One very important fact in Captain C. S. Latrobe Bateman's "Under the Lone Star" (Philip) is that many Portuguese traders are virtually slaves; and every reader will share the author's satisfaction at the way in which he relieved Senhor Saturnino of the Zingas, whom he had nominally contracted with, but really bought from their head chief. On the other hand, the good which a good conscientious Portuguese can do is shown in the case of Senhor Manuel Caxavalla da Costa. Several times Captain Bateman nearly fell a victim to the belief in sorcery. A girl was eaten by a crocodile; he was accused of having put a devil into the beast. A man was struck with lightning; and, but that the Captain's restoratives brought him to consciousness, the tribesmen would certainly have sent an arrow into "his destroyer." Just now, when we are all thinking about Africa, this very readable account of "the first ascent of the Kasai" will be widely welcomed. Captain Bateman was, under Dr. Wolf, in charge of the Bashilongé auxiliaries of the German Expedition of 1885.

Lady Blennerhasset's "Madame de Staël" (Chapman and Hall) is a clear and full conspectus of French—i.e., Continental—literary life from the middle of the last to the second decade of the present century. From Gibbon, one of the admirers of Madame de Staël's mother, then Middle Church—a very different Gibbon from him of whom M. de Bèze used to say: "When I want exercise I walk three times round him"—to Royer-Collard and Guizot, almost every man of eminence appears in some character or other in this fascinating narrative. Of course there is a great deal about Schlegel and Benjamin Constant and (in a different way) about Napoleon. Besides this there is plenty of politics—the beginnings of the French

Revolution and the relations between Necker and Mirabeau are carefully analysed. There is also a thoughtful estimate of Madame de Staël's influence on literature. This was much more considerable than most English critics have been willing to admit. "Corinne" is rhapsodical, but not more rhapsodical than a good deal of Coleridge; and it certainly inspired Grillparzer's "Sappho." To Lady Blennerhasset the arduous work of going through the very voluminous Staël literature has evidently been a labour of love. She has done her work with German thoroughness, and there is a special fitness in the authoress of "Germany" finding in the Fatherland her first fitting biographer.

Longman's new "Atlas, Political and Physical" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), is a valuable contribution to modern geographical educational literature. Formerly, it was considered sufficient if the ordinary student of geography knew the position of the various countries of the world, their capitals, their rivers, mountains, and general political features. Now, however, a far more thorough knowledge of the physical and anthropological characteristics of every portion of the globe is considered advisable, and it is to furnish such information in a plain, straightforward, but ample manner that this Atlas is intended. The editor, Mr. George G. Chisholm, has done his work exceedingly well, and the book contains some fifty-six maps and diagrams, fully illustrating the purely geographical, the physical, the geological, the meteorological conditions of the chief divisions of the earth, and showing such details as the various degrees of rainfall, the direction of ocean currents, the relative height above the sea of various districts, the points to which rivers are navigable both for large and small vessels, and a fund of information which we have not space to summarise. In short, the Atlas, though designed primarily for use in schools, would be a valuable acquisition to most libraries where, as a rule, such geographical works as this are conspicuous by their absence.

"The Dictionary of Photography, for the Amateur and Professional Photographer," by E. J. Wall (Hazzell, Watson, and Vincy), is an encyclopædic work that is much wanted just now when so many would-be votaries of the camera are bewildered by the innumerable text-books which are recommended to them by their kind friends. In photography, an hour of practice is undoubtedly worth a month of study, but even the most experienced operator finds it useful to have a text-book at hand occasionally. Much more so then the beginner, who can here find a reference to any photographic subject—can note the various formulae for developing, accelerating, and toning solutions, or master the theory of exposure, or the properties of the various lenses, with comparative ease.

The new edition of Mr. George Scharf's "Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures, Busts, &c., of the National Portrait Gallery" (Eyre and Spottiswoode) arrives opportunely as the recent controversy on this subject will be fresh in the minds of all. Those who are unaware of the importance of this collection cannot do better than consult Mr. Scharf's book which includes particulars of every portrait contributed up to the present date.—The distinguishing feature of the "Modern Map of England and Wales" (Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston) is that it is divided into four detached sections, each section being bound separately in cloth. By this means the map, although drawn to a very large scale, is yet contained in a handy and convenient form, suitable for carrying in the pocket.—We have received three more of Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s "Historical Cartoons," viz.:—"Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament," "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo," and "Jubilee of Queen Victoria." Messrs. Cassell are now issuing some descriptive letterpress illustrative of each scene, thus making the "cartoons" more instructive.

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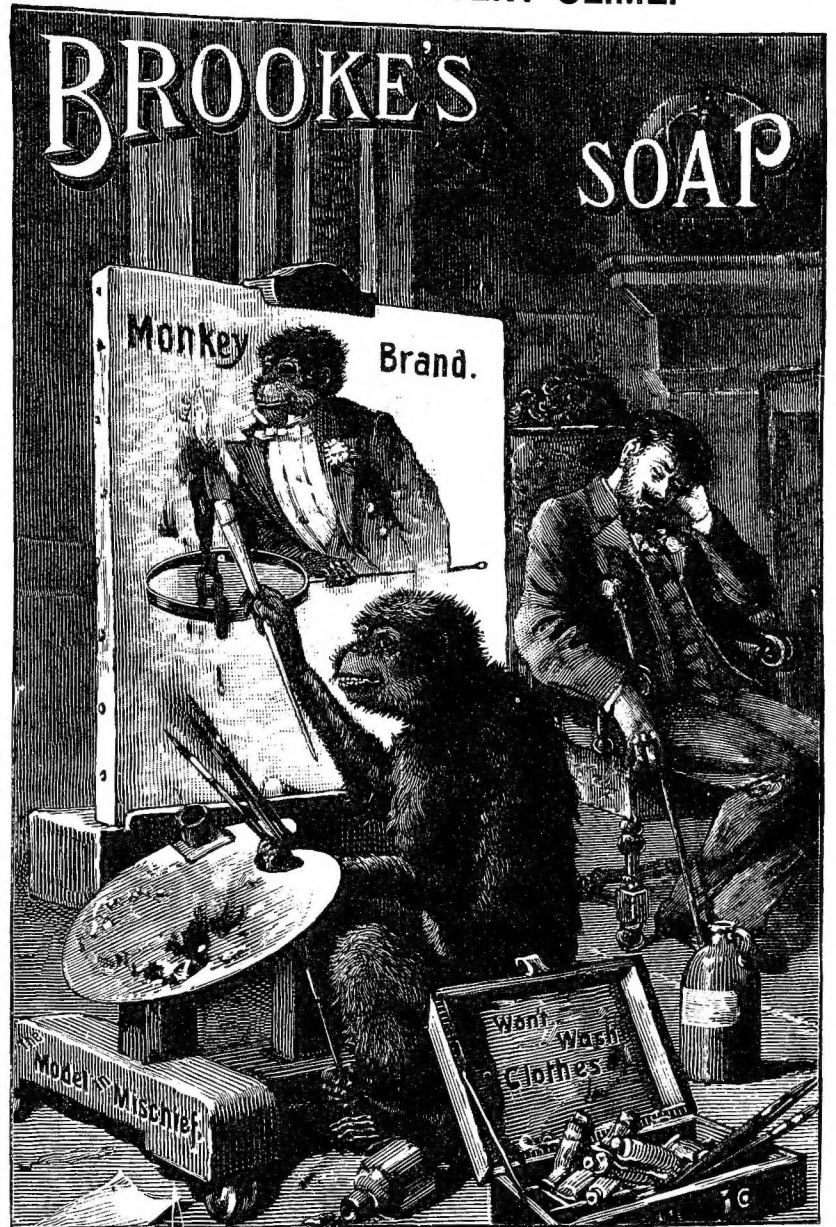
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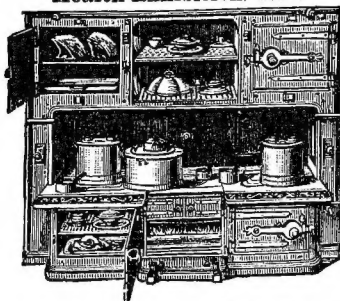
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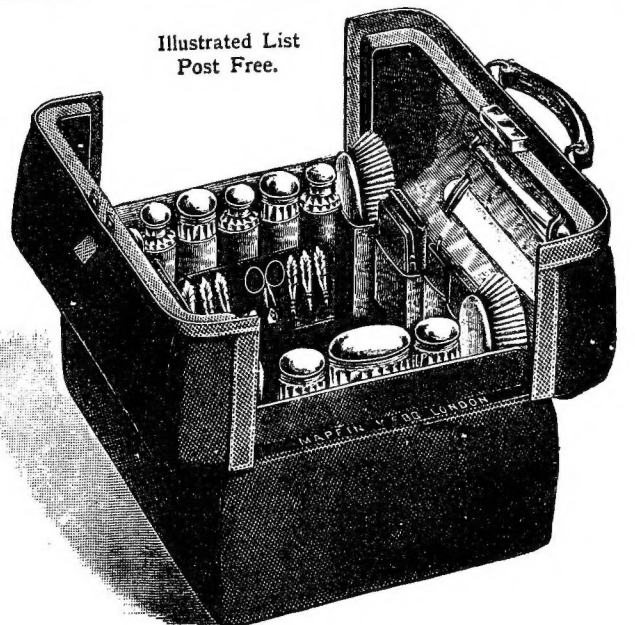
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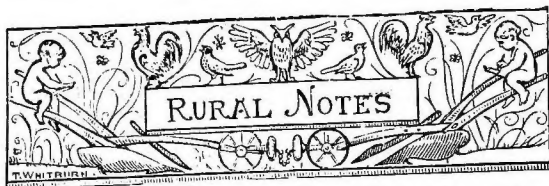
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RURAL NOTES

MAY, that came to us in tears, has since been rich in smiles, the rain of "Garland Day" being, indeed, little more than a reminiscence of April, and the weather soon revealing a character worthy of the fairest of the months. A more beautiful day than last Saturday it would be difficult to conceive, the air having all the delightful freshness, sweetness, and buoyancy of spring, while the brilliant sunshine, as yet lacking in all oppressiveness of heat, was intensely enjoyable after April's clouded skies. The trees at last wear a green livery, and the orchards are gay with blossom. The meadows already afford a fair bite of grass, and the growth after the rains has been very rapid indeed. The wheat is also coming on well, there was a period in April during which signs of retrogression were shown. That one thing needful was a rise in the temperature, and, this having occurred, matters once more wear a favourable aspect. Oats and barley were mostly well sown, and the seed has evidently germinated well, the lines of tender green just showing an inch or two above the surface, being regular and free from gaps, while the colour of both crops is undoubtedly healthy. The beans and peas have been infested by slugs, and weeds abound. These are two bad signs of the season, but drier weather will abate both at once. Rye, sown for use as a green crop, and tares are somewhat disappointing; nevertheless, they come in usefully for the flocks. Owing to the inferiority of last year's hay, farmers have used a larger quantity than usual of the dry feeding-stuffs, which have been cheap all through the winter. The dairy farmer is more hopeful than he was in the winter, for milk, cheese, and butter have all improved in price. Nor is the breeding farmer doing ill, for all kinds of lean cattle and sheep are selling well.

THE LAMBING SEASON was good as to the number of lambs, but the ewes failed in many cases fully to supply the needs of the youngsters, hence where the milk bottle was not freely used, and where too few shepherds were employed to look after the flocks, many lambs died of hunger. The poor quality of the hay, to which we have already referred, and the want of sunshine for the root crops of last year, caused the nourishment of the mothers to be generally insufficient. We were inclined at first to think that the losses this season about counterbalanced the excess on the number of births, but much fuller reports now to hand leave a balance in favour of the present year as a good lambing season.

THE PETERBOROUGH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY contemplates making an important addition to its forthcoming Show, in the shape of a working dairy, equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances, and provided with an efficient staff of experts, whose duty it will be to explain the appliance and working of a first-class dairy. The Eastern Counties Dairy Institute taking a generous view of geography, and including Northamptonshire within their scope, will provide lectures and demonstrations; while Mr. George Barham, who may be regarded as almost the pioneer of dairy improvement in England, has offered a special and valuable prize for butter-making by the dairymaids of the district. This is the way to spread knowledge of sound principles, and to encourage expert skill.

"BARLEY," writes Mr. Biddell, M.P., to whom the Budget is anathema, "is taxed 93 per cent. of its value, and tea only 50 per cent. of the value. Now I fully believe if more beer was drunk by the working-classes instead of tea at their meals, it would be better for them, for beer is nutritious, whereas tea, if we extract that from the milk and sugar used with it, has little more nutriment than coloured water. A slight increase in the duty on tea or on tobacco, or, better still, a little increase of import duty on all foreign products

used to make alcoholic drinks, would meet the Chancellor's requirements." We fancy that the medical world might go farther in favour of Mr. Biddell than most people believe. The astringent properties of tea, and the temptations to drink it too hot owing to the poor flavour of all inferior tea when not at a very high temperature, are matters worthy of attention, while the recent fall in the price seems almost to invite a slight increase of duty.

WHEAT.—The sales of English wheat since January 1st, have been as follows:—January, 566,520 qrs.; February, 610,725 qrs.; March, 698,172 qrs.; April, 748,005 qrs. These quantities have rather exceeded expectations, and have kept prices low. It is not impossible that after farmers have parted with nearly all their grain there will be a material rise in prices. This is a very unfortunate outcome out of the existing state of the corn trade. Not only does foreign competition, at equal prices, turn the farmer's profit into a loss, but the importer tends to get a preferential price by being a man of more capital and tenacity than the average grower.

BIRDS.—With the appearance of the swift, the summer birds are really and truly with us. This lover of the South, tarrying a fortnight behind the swallow at Athens, and leaving England for the Mediterranean with the first shots among the partridges, was seen at Corfe Castle, in Dorset, on April 29th, at Ilfracombe on the following day, and at Trinity College, Oxford, on May 1st. The cuckoo did not arrive in Devonshire till May 1st; since the same date it has been exceedingly vocal in Richmond Park. The black-cap was seen at Stroud on Easter Monday, the garden-warbler at Whittington, near Worcester, on April 17th, the grasshopper-warbler at Clevedon, on April 25th, the landrail at Stroud on the same day, the ring-ousel at Brecon, on April 16th, the redstart on April 25th, the sedge-warbler near Peterborough on the same day, and the whinchat three days later; the nightjar was seen at Whittington on Easter Tuesday.

THE ORCHARDS, naturally suggested to us by our feathered friends, are rich in promise, and all the better for being backward. Apple buds are very numerous, and the trees are clean and healthy, and damsons are very promising. Lord Coventry has just established a fruit-farm at Pershore, near Worcester, and has been encouraged by the success attending Lord Sudeley's fruit-farm at Torrington, and a commercial venture by a Limited Company at Tiptree Heath. Bush fruits are late in bud, but strong in growth.

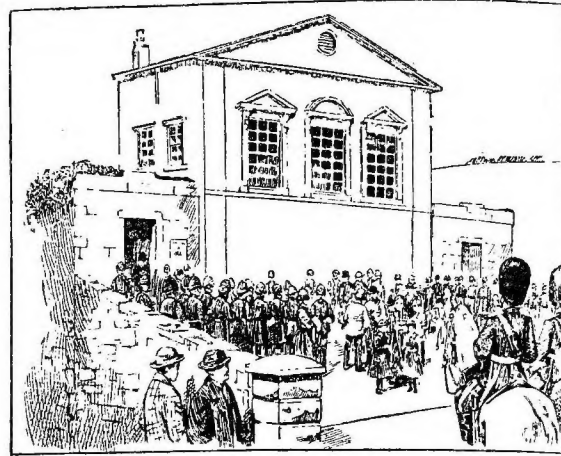
"R. A. S. E."—The election of 208 new members has to be recorded. It has been decided to strike a medal in commemoration of the Jubilee Show at Windsor. The Society have arranged for further special trials of the constituents of pasture herbage in hopes apparently that the rye-grass controversy—as perennial as its subject—would be thereby settled. This is too sanguine a hope to be endorsed, we fear, but the further investigation is sure to lead to the discovery of some interesting new facts and, perhaps, to the demolition of some old ideas. Messrs. Rowlandson, Garrett-Taylor, and C. W. Wilson are the new members of the Council.

THE "WASHINGTON EAR" is a rapidly-increasing disease in the political capital of the United States. The dust from the asphalt pavements blows into the ear when persons are driving or walking along the wide streets on windy days, and produces violent inflammation. Several people have even permanently injured the drum of the ear by incessant exposure to this poisonous dust.

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE JUVENILES puts in a fresh appeal—the Children's Sea-Shell and Scrap-Book Mission. By this time many youngsters are tired of their last batch of Christmas and New Year's cards, and may well send them to the Mission to be made into scrap-books—now greatly needed. The Mission has sent out 22,044 scrap-books, card albums, framed cards, &c., besides 13,780 boxes and bags of shells, yet still the Secretary, at 27, Benedict Road, Stockwell, S.W., like Oliver Twist, "asks for more." May our readers prove more charitable than Dickens's hard-hearted beadle.

THE COURT HOUSE, LETTERKENNY, DONEGAL

THE REV. JAMES MCFADDEN, P.P., as well as thirty other men and four women, charged with being concerned in the murder of District-Inspector Martin, on February 3rd, at Derrybeg, Gweedore, were removed from Derry Prison on the morning of March 7th, under a military and police escort, the priest and the women in carriages, and the men handcuffed in pairs. A special



train conveyed the prisoners and their escort to Letterkenny. Our engraving (which is from a photograph by Dr. G. W. Hatchell, of Letterkenny) represents the front of the Court House, where the magisterial investigation took place. The police were drawn up at the left-hand entrance to the Court House, the 60th Rifles on the right, and the Scots Greys in front.

BETTING ON THE RAINFALL is carried on with so much energy in Bombay that the local Government have tried to set down the practice as unlawful gambling. A shed erected near a certain tank is fitted up with two large rain-gauges, called "Calcutta" and "Lukka" "morees," and with numerous stalls, whose keepers register the bets on the rainfall to be determined by the gauges. Sometimes from 500 to 1,500 persons crowd round the shed for the "bursat-ka-sutta," or rain-betting, and all pay the stall-keepers a small commission. The authorities sought to declare the shed a common gaming-house, and accordingly coming under the provisions of the Prevention of Gambling Act; but the Bombay High Court decides that rain-betting does not constitute a game, as there is no instrument of gaming used.

"IS THERE AN ARISTOCRACY IN THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES?" is a question which has raised a veritable storm across the Atlantic in connection with the Washington Centennial Ball this week. Some time since, certain leaders of society created much ill-feeling by declaring that only about 400 persons in New York were of orthodox blue blood and entitled to enter good society. Now they have tried to keep out the "plebs" from the Centennial Ball by prohibitive high prices for tickets, and by inviting only those personages to lead the dances who were actual descendants of the dancers at the original Washington Hall. There lay the difficulty. Many of the descendants had married, in true Democratic style, persons without any claim to family, and so the aristocratic wives or husbands were coolly ignored in the invitations. A regular disturbance ensued, resulting in a split in the aristocratic Four Hundred where the gentleman hitherto regarded as the head of a sacred circle has been completely crushed and ousted by a young rival.

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FAILLE FRANCAISE.—80 Pieces of these lovely French Silks at 3/3 per yard., worth 5/6; also at 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 8/11 per yard.

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ART BORDERED COSTUME FABRICS.—A magnificent range of these Cloths, with Floral, Graduated Stripe, and Fancy In-woven Borders, 43 inches wide, 1/11½d. to 3/6d. per yard.

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Send or call for full information.

See Illustration of H.M.S. "Sanspareil," Illustrated London News, March 16, 1889, pages 325 and 326.

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Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress, the shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebones placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in, and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the bust, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

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Is "Pastime Passing Excellent"—*Shakespeare.*




H.S.

She: "I intend but only to surprise him" *Timon of Athens V.2*
 He: "Wert thou thus surprised sweet girl?" *Titus Andron. IV.1.*

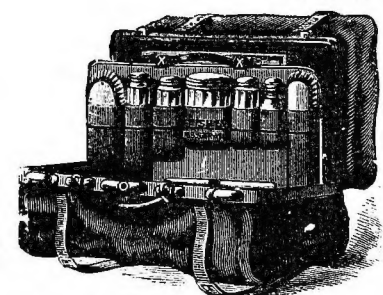
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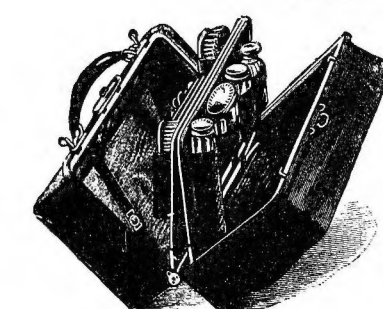
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ing Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail File, and
Button Hook. Price complete, £6 with Plated Fit-
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Leather, Fitted complete, SILVER, MOUNTS, IVORY
BRUSHES. Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, Con-
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Brushes, Paper Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair
Brush, Velvet Brush, Looking Glass, Scissors, Button
Hook, Nail File, Knife, Corkscrew.

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